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Paintings by Modest Stein

Heroines of Literature

The Lady Known As Lou

Read John Erskine's Story On Next Page

The Man From the Creek, Dan McGrew and the Lady That's Known as Lou—Just Before the Lights Went Out in the Malemute Saloon.

SHE-DEVIL OF THE YUKON

By John Erskine

ROBERT SERVICE, the Canadian poet who revived the career of wandering minstrel or troubadour in modern times, established his reputation with the volume, "The Spell of the Yukon," in 1907.

There have been other laureates of Alaska in both verse and prose, but Service did for the new frontier what Bret Harte did for the California mining camps.

The poem in "The Spell of the Yukon" which made an immediate impression and is remembered as a classic in its time is "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

This fine ballad, only 58 lines long, tells by vivid implication the story of "the lady that's known as Lou," and of the two men who killed each other in a quarrel over her.

Since she is the reigning belle of a mining camp, love affairs and fights are for her no novelty, and there is no question of her steady nerve and her presence of mind even in a violent social crisis.

If Bret Harte had been telling the story, Lou would have been portrayed sentimentally as a daughter of sin with occasional nostalgic returns to virtue. Robert Service was entirely realistic about his tough Yukon characters.

Sentimental readers brought up on Bret Harte try to find in the sharp, final twist of the ballad an assurance that Lou after all had a kind heart. If that had been the intended meaning, I think Service would have made it clear beyond argument. In fact, I think he did.

The ballad celebrates an incident in a Yukon saloon one night when the mercury was 50 below. A noisy group of miners were drinking. Between drinks one artistic spirit banged out ragtime on an old piano.

Behind the bar Dan McGrew, notorious bad man, was playing solitaire in a studious and reflective mood, and beside him, watching the progress of his philosophic game, sat his light o' love, the "lady that's known as Lou."

Suddenly the door of the saloon opened, and out of the dark cold a miner stumbled, dirty and weary. He placed on the bar what we understand was his total wealth, a bag of gold dust, and ordered drinks for everybody, which everybody accepted kindly. Did they recognize him? The ballad says they did not, but from the sequel we draw another conclusion about at least two in the room.

The dilapidated piano fell silent while the ragtime specialist occupied himself with the fresh drink. The stranger sat down and began to play—not with technical skill, but musically, with poetry and deep yearning.

The miners in their cups began to remember beautiful things — home and quiet hours, a fireside, and a good woman's love. Even to Lou the piano player suggested dreams of a life quite different from hers. She turned ghastly white in spite of rouge. Was she remembering what had gone, or was she frightened at what was to come?

Then the piano-playing stranger took his hands off the keys, stood up, and announced his considered opinion that Dan McGrew was a hell-hound. The lights in the saloon went out, Dan perhaps having a finger on the switch.

Simultaneously "two guns blazed in the dark." When the lights were turned on again, Dan and the stranger each had a bullet through him, and the stranger was clasped to the bosom of "the lady that's known as Lou."

He was an earlier love of hers before Dan McGrew stole her away. She had sat there watching the two men, knowing the small chance that either would leave the room alive. Which did she love? Was she sorry she had deserted the musical miner for Dan? Certainly she clasped the dead miner to her heart the moment Dan's bullet was in him.

If Service had added no more, the Bret Harte sentimentalists would be free to go soft on Lou. But the lady, while kissing her dead lover, pocketed the bag of gold dust he had left on the bar to pay for the drinks. The ballad ends:

The woman that kissed him and—pinched his poke—
Was the lady that's known as Lou.

This ballad is very popular with males who are, or believe themselves to be of the he-man type. Either they make no bones of their admiration for Lou, or they admire her secretly.

They probably see nothing really admirable about her, but their pleasure in her literary portrait by Robert Service is one of the profoundest human satisfactions, the satisfaction of admiring one's self.

They think they can recognize their own portrait in heavy-fisted Dan McGrew, who could capture and tame a female devil, or in the worn-out and defeated miner who for love of that same devil wasted unusual talents and trudged a hard road to Hell.

Robert Service knew the psychology of the men he saw in the Yukon. His ballads are popular because the type can be met in other places than on the frontier, in large cities, in big business, in what are called the settled parts of society.

The masculine weakness can be found everywhere, the conceit that we could be a hell-raiser if we had the opportunity, and that a female hell-raiser, if we could find one, would fall for us. Robert Service, his ballads indicate, has the insight of humor.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

COLLEGE AT LAST! BUT PEG—I'M SO EMBARRASSED BY MY DINGY, DULL COMPLEXION THAT I DREAD MEETING THE OTHER GIRLS!
PAT—WOULDN'T IT MAKE SENSE TO TRY THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN?

MAYBE SO, PEG—BUT I'M NOT HOPEFUL THAT ANYTHING WOULD HELP ME! MY SKIN'S BEEN THIS WAY SO LONG!
LOOK HERE, PAT—36 DOCTORS... LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS... TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3... IN JUST 14 DAYS!

JUST A-B-C IS ALL YOU DO—BUT IT WORKED FOR ME—YOU TRY IT, TOO!
A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

Less Oily.....
Smoother, Younger looking.....
Less Coarse-looking.....
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads.....
Fresher.....
Brighter, Clearer Color.....

P.S. FOR TUB AND SHOWER, GET THE NEW, BIG, THRIFTY BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE—ENJOY PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER ALL OVER!
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

Milder to Hands than Soap. Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory (name furnished on request) prove that Vel is milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.

MarVELous for DISHES · STOCKINGS LINGERIE · WOOLENS! Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!

New Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds makes dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

After washing dishes, just rinse and even glassware dries sparkling clear without time-wasting wiping! This great new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away! Vel removes grease faster, more completely than soap. Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

Vel is an entirely new and different suds . . . There's absolutely nothing like it on the market! Try Vel . . . see how it works wonders you've never dreamed of!

Stockings stay lovelier . . . sheerer-looking!

Stockings stay sheerer-looking and keep their beauty longer with Vel suds than even with finest soap flakes, for Vel leaves no soap scum clinging to stocking threads. Vel is easier than even finest soap flakes on many delicate washable colors.

* VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

WILES OF THE *Fortune Tellers*

Frederic Lewis Photo.

There Are Many Ways of Fleecing the Innocent, Gullible and Superstitious, and Palm Reading Is One of the Oldest and Most Common of All.

By Booton Herndon

IT was just a friendly conversation in a Boston beauty shop, but it cost Mrs. Hilda Schreiber the $1,000 diamond engagement ring that her husband had given her 20 years before.

"You have a good future ahead of you," prophesied the woman sitting next to Mrs. Schreiber. Then she went on to divulge events in Mrs. Schreiber's life no stranger was likely to know about. It didn't take long to win her confidence.

"Give me something which is valuable to you," the woman then said. "With it in my hand, I can establish contact with friendly spirits."

That's when the diamond ring changed hands. The stranger promptly went into a trance, sidled toward the door, and escaped with Mrs. Schreiber's ring. The swindler's only investment was a private investigation of her victim beforehand, plus a convincing sales talk.

That happened recently, but fortune tellers have preyed on innocent, gullible and superstitious people for as long as there have been things of value to make it worth while.

Laws against fortune tellers have been on the books of many nations for hundreds of years, and every state in the union has some statute curbing their activities. They are known legally as "disorderly persons."

Still, every day, trusting people give these proven frauds money, jewelry, and confidence.

Not even the customary paraphernalia of cards, astrology, charts, tea leaves and crystal balls are necessary to the psychology-wise fortune teller who is willing to put in a little time investigating and building up confidence in the victim.

This is illustrated by what happened to three such widely diverse victims as Mrs. Mary Bonanarte of New York, Mrs. Anna Atwood of Chicago, both housewives, and the late Lupe Velez of Hollywood.

A gypsy went to Mrs. Bonanarte's house and offered to read her fortune. Her curiosity aroused, Mrs. Bonanarte agreed. She placed her diamond ring and $50 under a pillow on the living room couch to enable the gypsy to concentrate—and then the gypsy decided she needed a glass of water, too.

When her hostess came back with the glass of water, gypsy, ring and money were gone.

The stranger who approached Mrs. Atwood had a slightly different twist. "I was passing," she said, "and sensed evil spirits. I thought I ought to warn you."

She kept coming back, worming herself into Mrs. Atwood's confidence, and then began carrying off Mrs. Atwood's valuables to appease the spirits. When she had carted off $400 in cash, $300 in jewelry, and about $300 worth of rugs, she just stopped coming back, and Mrs. Atwood belatedly went to police.

The young gypsy who played on the superstitions of Lupe was much more subtle. She kept taking clothes and money away to "bless" them—but she brought them all back. When the screen star entrusted $2,500 with her, however, she disappeared.

Those are the simple tricks, requiring only a small amount of research into the background of the chosen victim. There are other more complicated ways of convincing the person with the bankroll that impossible things are happening and that magic is in the air.

Some fortune tellers convince their victims that they have occult powers by answering questions which have been written down, then apparently burned. Sleight of hand and clever confederates make possible stunts like these.

Mrs. Jessie Thomas of New York was so convinced by a gypsy's artistry in turning a $20 bill into two bills of the same denomination that she entrusted $10,000 to the woman. When she came back to get her $20,000 the gypsy and the money were gone.

She was lucky, compared to Mrs. Sarah Koestner. Told that her son would lose his sight and her husband would leave her, she leaped to her death from a Chicago hotel window.

Metropolitan police departments frequently receive complaints from devoted husbands whose wives have been told by fortune tellers that they are unfaithful. A New York policewoman, a happy bride of only a few months, was told by a fortune teller she was investigating that her husband was maintaining another home.

Fortune tellers sometimes figure that before they can resolve the troubles of their victims, they must manufacture them. When they find someone who believes their lies, the rest is easy.

Fortune telling in itself is illegal, but there are loopholes. Although they no longer can legally predict the future for a fee, and no longer are welcomed at swank hotels and night clubs, they can masquerade as entertainers, or, as in tea rooms, can give "free" readings with an expensive cup of tea.

During the war, fortune tellers were in their glory, mulcting sweethearts, wives and mothers of service men of whatever they could get. A worried girl in Boston, impressed by the exotic studio and suave manner of a man who called himself "The Professor," gave him all her savings to learn the whereabouts of her soldier boy friend.

After weeks of delay and many collections, the man told her that the soldier was in a prison camp. A week later, a long-delayed letter arrived from the missing boy friend. He'd been hospitalized. He'd never been near a prison camp.

Worry, indecision, fear—these are the emotions which drive women to fortune tellers. A little psychology, some quick deduction, and a dash of hocus-pocus are enough to part the victim from her—or her husband's—savings.

The thousands of victims of fortune tellers—the annual take is over $125,000,000—can get some small solace from the fact that fortune tellers don't trust one another. An organization meeting of the National Association of Fortune Tellers nearly broke up in a riot a few years ago.

An astrologer got up and said that tea-leaf reading held "no scientific message." A Hindu maintained that only members of his race were truly psychic. It was quite a while before the tea-leaf readers and the non-Hindu soothsayers could be quieted down long enough to get on to the next order of business.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S men folk

Both Her Husband and Brother, She Finds, Want to Get Along Strictly on Their Own

By Jack Stone

TO THOSE who watched Shirley Temple capture America's hearts as a winsome baby, it is not unusual to see her doing the very same thing as a married young lady.

Poise, charm, graciousness, a thoroughly ladylike demeanor—these are the characteristics she has acquired and kept through years of experience in Hollywood.

It would surprise many, however, and even horrify a few, to see Shirley, whenever occasion permits, strip down to the essentials of human conduct and bare her pretty little teeth in a raucous: "Get him, Georgie! Now you got 'im! Twist!"

In this cave-woman display Shirley is indulging nothing more than the instinct common to other fans who dearly love to watch wrestling matches.

Her ferocious desires are justified somewhat, too, by the fact that the "Georgie" she exhorts is none other than her older brother, a wrestler of no mean repute.

George Temple is no hairy ape with cauliflower ears, but he does weigh 210 pounds and is adept at using them in what to his opponent is an excruciating fashion. He became interested in wrestling while still at school, and after discharge from the Marines in 1944 he decided to turn professional.

There are those who profess that Shirley and her family look askance at his participation in such a strenuous game but the facts belie this. Whenever she's within traveling distance of a city where George appears, Shirley, and very often her father and mother, are front row center, upholding the family honor with as much vehemence as the wildest grunt-and-groan fan.

Though he uses his own name ("and why shouldn't I?" demands George) there is no attempt to play upon the fame of his sister.

"This is my game," he says, bulging his oversize muscles, "and it's what I want to make my name in. Shirley's a swell kid, but I'm not riding along on her name, thank you."

Shirley's mighty proud of George.

"He's good-looking enough to be a picture star and smart enough to be a professor," she declares, "but wrestling's what he wants. He doesn't need me to get along, either. He's good. If I can possibly get there I wouldn't miss one of his bouts for anything."

Shirley knows somebody else who has no intention of becoming "Mr. Shirley Temple." His name is John Agar and he happens to be her husband and the father of the baby she's expecting sometime early next year.

When John married Shirley on September 19, 1945, after three years in the Army Air Forces, he had three choices: he could join that pathetic legion, the unknown husbands of famous stars; he could enter the meat packing business founded by his great-grandfather and prosper thereby; or he could stand on his own two feet.

When Shirley and John met at Zasu Pitts' home in 1943 he was practically set on learning the meat packing business at first hand.

They had a few dates—foursomes at first, then twosomes sometimes, then strictly twosomes. When Shirley was 16 she announced their engagement, at the same time saying she'd delay marriage until she got a little older. Meantime she staged a big comeback in "Since You Went Away."

The "Baby Bernhardt" of Hollywood was a new, vibrant, grown-up actress. The elite of the film capital turned out for the Temple-Agar wedding, a double-ring ceremony.

Agar had ample opportunity within minutes of the service to demonstrate his vow to "protect." He gave a good account of himself in fending off the howling mob of fans that thronged the street.

Now John had his path to choose. The thought of living in Shirley's reflected glory was repugnant to him. The dream of heights in the meat industry had somewhat dimmed. What to do?

At this juncture David O. Selznick, who held Shirley's contract, offered him a screen test. He wasn't sure he wanted to be an actor. He talked it over with friends, with experts, but most of all with Shirley. "Go ahead," she told him. "It won't do any harm to make a test."

The test proved several things besides Agar's modesty: 1) that he photographs exceptionally well; 2) that he has a natural easy grace that comes through on the screen; and 3) that Selznick had perhaps struck another filmland jackpot.

Shirley and John talked it over again. She gave him her best advice: maybe he was cut out to be an actor and didn't know it; why not give it a whirl? John made his decision slowly, but when he made it, it stuck.

One thing, however, must be made absolutely clear: there would be no riding along on Shirley's coat-tails. His career would be independent of hers. He said later: "Shirley is capable, fair and understanding—and wise beyond her years. She left it up to me. She agreed to a hands-off policy where I was concerned."

That was nearly two years ago. John took singing, diction and dramatic lessons. He spent his days in studying, his nights in helping Shirley learn her lines.

Now, at 26, John has won a stellar role in his first picture, "War Party," in which he plays a West Point subaltern in post-Civil War days. When Producer John Ford cast about for a feminine lead he told Selznick: "We want a girl something like Shirley Temple." Daniel T. O'Shay was present and said: "Well, why don't you get Shirley Temple?"

So it came to pass. John and Shirley will play opposite each other. John will be strictly on his own.

"He sounds," lamented Shirley, "just like brother George!"

"Right," said John. "And mind your cues. Because I might even steal a scene from you."

Shirley, at Ringside, Yells Encouragement to Brother George—"Get Him, Georgie! Now You Got 'im! Twist! Twist!"

Illustrated by MAXINE LESTER

By John Dienhart & Gene Coughlin

Rainbow

Illustrated by
JULES GOTLIEB

CHICAGO today has taken its rightful place in the sun, thanks to the new city administration, or Community Government headed by Mayor Martin Kennelly.

Citizens and taxpayers have the privilege of looking at the rainbow, auguring the city's bright and successful future, without mobsters, gunmen and common thugs shoving them off the sidewalk. Today, Chicago belongs to its residents and its guests. The air is clearer, the skies are brighter.

The Cloud has disappeared.

The Cloud was a dark one and it hung over Chicago for many years.

The Cloud's name was Al Caponé, alias Al Brown.

O'Banion Was Trimming Red Roses When the Men Entered. They Extended Their Hands — With Pistols.

He wasn't a native of the great city on Lake Michigan. He didn't pay taxes—until Mr. Whiskers, the United States Government, forced him to pay them and, as interest, sent him to the penitentiary because he had overlooked them.

AL CAPONE was an importation from New York's famous, or infamous, Five Points. He was imported by Big Jim Colosimo, at the time Colosimo feared for his life and felt that extra protection was necessary.

Colosimo owned his famous restaurant at 2126 South Wabash avenue, where the gourmets of the world met. He owned, also, brothels, gambling houses, kitchen distilleries by the thousands, and the Italian lottery.

A man with his stubby fingers in so many pies was bound to make enemies, deadly enemies. He had one chief bodyguard—Johnny Torrio, also from New York. But, Colosimo thought, he needed another and he brought in Capone.

He showed Al the various angles of his various rackets, and trusted him. Capone repaid him by killing Big Jim Colosimo while his patron's back was turned.

Capone had learned enough. The pupil killed the teacher.

Capone, the panderer, couldn't have picked a better time to arrive in Chicago. He got there shortly after World War I to find the Red Light district, bisected by 22d street, in full bloom.

The gold plated palaces of The Library and The Everleigh sisters, on the fringe of the district, were gold mines for Big Jim Colosimo, or his successor.

Chicago's 43,625 retail stores, including the world's largest, has given it the name of the Main Street of the Country.

Hundreds of young girls were enslaved and brought across state lines to feed the pipe lines of prostitution. The situation on Chicago's South Side was so notorious that the late Congressman Mann had the Mann Act passed, making it a penal

over CHICAGO

offense to transport women across state lines for immoral purposes.

The enforcement of the act was up to federal authorities.

The first time the long arm of the law caught up with Al Capone in Chicago, it had a hard fist at the end of it. The fist belonged to Federal Agent William Dannenberg, selected by Congressman Mann and the late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, to enforce the act.

Dannenberg made early morning raids on the disorderly houses. He was preparing to make one of his invasions when he saw a plump young man leaning against a telephone pole on 22d street.

Dannenberg walked up to the plump young man, hit him on the left jaw, right below his scar, and knocked him unconscious. From Capone's limp right hand dropped a ten-penny nail.

The point of the nail, inserted into a hole in the butt of the telephone pole, would sound an alarm via a telephone wire, to the disorderly houses operated by Capone's boss, Big Jim Colosimo. The alarm wasn't sounded that night, thanks to Dannenberg.

Today, with Mayor Martin Kennelly's administration, 22d street is a bustling and peaceful east-west thoroughfare and the citizen, and his children, may use it day or night with the knowledge that they are safe. They wouldn't have been in the 1920s.

Colosimo's heirs, in 1920, were Johnny Torrio and Al Capone. They had the blessings of Bathhouse John Coughlin and Michael (Hinky Dink) Kenna, bosses of the first ward. Hinky Dink ran the south half of the ward, with its houses of ill fame, speakeasies and a thousand kitchen stills.

Murder went into mass production. A great editor said later that the area, 22d and Wabash, was responsible for civilization's worst wave of terrorism.

Spike O'Donnell, who thought he was running the South Side, lost Jerry O'Connor, George Bucher and George Meegham from his illegal army. Capone bullets killed them, and O'Donnell accepted the eliminations as the fortunes of war.

But when Spike lost two truckloads of beer through hijackers, he saw red. Six lieutenants of the Torrio-Capone gang were indicted for the murder of the men driving the trucks.

Chicago's Shedd Aquarium is the newest and most complete in the world, with more than 10,000 live specimens.

The defendants were Joe Saltis, Willie Channel, Johnny Hoban, Ralph Sheldon, Willie Niemoth and Frank MacEarlane.

The indictments against them were sidetracked for four months, then tossed into the wastebasket and forgotten. Today, it couldn't happen. Mayor Martin Kennelly has accelerated the pace of justice in Chicago courts. The defendant is innocent until proved guilty—but he is never forgotten.

Torrio and Capone came upon hard times in 1923. Chicago elected William E. Dever as mayor to succeed William Hale (Big Bill) Thompson, and the vast system of pay-off and protection was wrecked, for the time being.

Capone and "Terrible Johnny" Torrio moved out to Cicero to consolidate the beach head of vice and gambling established for them by their patron, Big Jim Colosimo.

Scarface Al, at a meeting in the notorious Four Deuces cafe at 2222 South Wabash avenue, was elected to swing the vote in the Cicero elections. The Capone slate won but, in the victory, Al Capone lost his brother Frank. A policeman shot him in the riot following the election.

The Capone-Torrio combine took over The Ship, Mr. Duffy's Thirst Clinic, Cicero Inn, the Hawthorne Smoke Shop and the Capital Cafe, to mention a few of the elite joints in Cicero.

Capone settled down to a life of ease and luxury for seven months. Then he unconsciously aroused the ire of Dion O'Banion. That was bad. O'Banion was rightfully rated as the most fantastic and picturesque personality in the history of gangland.

Chicago is the intersection of the world's greatest inland system of navigable waterways.

Dion O'Banion considered killing a laughing matter. Just for the fun of it, he shot up speakeasies, terrorized polling places, opened somebody else's safe when he needed the "fresh and ready" money. For complete relaxation, he owned and operated a flower shop at 738 North State street.

Just as Big Jim Colosimo used his restaurant for a front to conceal his illicit activities in the backroom, O'Banion used his flower shop.

There he met with his gangster subordinates: Samuel "Nails" Morton, Louie "Three-Gun" Alterie, "Little Hymie" Weiss, George "Bugs" Moran and the Gusenbergs, George and Pete.

There, in the flower shop, O'Banion said Johnny Torrio would have to leave this world involuntarily. Torrio and O'Banion, with several lieutenants, had been arrested in a raid on a brewery. Torrio, with $23,000 in his pockets, had put up bail for himself and James Casey; had left the fuming O'Banion behind in his cell.

O'Banion, it developed, asked for his own death. He shouted his threats on Torrio's life and muscled in on the lucrative West Side territory allotted to the Genna brothers by Torrio.

Dion O'Banion, the part time florist, was trimming red roses in his shop one day when three men walked in. He knew them, greeted them, as friends. While O'Banion was extending his hand, the unholy trinity extended theirs—with pistols in each. Five slugs went into O'Banion's body and a sixth, the coup de grace, went into his head.

Chicago manufactures more furniture than any other city in the world.

Torrio and Capone sent elaborate floral displays to the funeral.

The O'Banion followers kicked the flowers, with the fancy ribbons stating "To a Pal," out into the alley.

Scarface Al Capone, Alias Brown.

They knew who had murdered their friend and benefactor.

North State street today, under the system of Community Government headed by Mayor Martin Kennelly, is sedate and prosperous and well paved. In the days following Dion O'Banion's funeral, it was seething with hate—and murder.

Little Hymie Weiss announced to all and sundry that Torrio was his man; that he would kill him personally because Torrio had murdered his friend, Dion O'Banion. Twice Little Hymie sent powerful automobiles roaring past the Hawthorne Arms hotel in Cicero with machine guns blazing in a fusillade intended to hit Torrio. The attempts failed.

On January 24, 1925, Weiss and Bugs Moran caught up with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Torrio. Torrio saw them first, urged his chauffeur to hurry to the Torrio apartment on Clyde avenue. They made it, and the Torrios ran for the front door.

Weiss and Moran opened fire on the front lawn. Johnny Torrio fell and Moran pumped more lead into him. To this day, doctors can't understand how Torrio survived. But he did; and he had the presence of mind and native caution to tell the doctors to cauterize his numerous wounds. He was afraid the bullets had been rubbed with garlic.

Johnny Torrio survived, but he left Chicago, for good. Today he lives on Shore Road, Brooklyn, in a mansion where garlic is never used in the preparation of the meals.

Al Capone now had Chicago to himself.

Chicago manufactures more household utilities than any other city in the world.

The rival mobsters who refused to join the Capone organization were executed. At this peak—he was 26—his gangsters murdered 200 men a year, a conservative police estimate.

His career was highlighted by the murders of William McSwiggin, an assistant state's attorney; Little Hymie Weiss and the St. Valentine Day massacre in which seven men were killed. It has been called the most ferocious and savage era in history and Capone was the head man, the boss.

Chicago was helpless. Politics and crime were too closely interwoven. Civic leaders called on The Man With the Whiskers, the Government of the United States of America.

Special treasury and secret service agents, including Frank J. Wilson, chief of the U. S. Secret Service, were sent to Chicago with the simple instruction:

"Take your time. Spend money But get the Big Fellow, Al Capone."

Wilson worked two years on the case, and wound up frustrated. Then he went to see Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, and told him he wanted Jake Lingle, the paper's star police reporter, to work with him.

"I will get word to Lingle and he will cooperate," Colonel McCormick said.

Twenty-four hours later, Alfred (Jake) Lingle was shot and killed in the subway pedestrian walk leading to the Illinois Central station at Randolph street and Michigan avenue.

Lingle's funeral was a civic affair—until it was learned he had accepted $100,000 from gamblers in Chicago, along with a diamond-studded belt from Al Capone. He was playing both ends against the middle. He turned stool pigeon for the Government, and Al Capone knew it the instant it happened.

Then Eddie O'Hare came to the government's aid. Lawyer and owner of Sportsman's Park, he became Capone's nemesis. He was imbued with a hatred of murder and murderers and when he saw the Capone Syndicate move in on his dog track, O'Hare went to work.

He gained the confidence of the murder mob, sat in on other secret councils. And reported the secrets to Frank Wilson!

One night he told Wilson that he and his wife must change hotels in Chicago; that Capone had offered $25,000 to the gunman who would kill the chief of the U. S. Secret Service. The Wilsons moved.

O'Hare found out about the syndicate's cover up bookkeeping system in which millions in gambling profits were juggled—and Wilson found out enough to have Capone indicted for income tax evasion and conspiracy.

Chicago's post office handles more domestic money orders and parcel post packages than any other city in the world.

On the eve of the trial, Eddie O'Hare gave Wilson more startling information!

The Capone mob had obtained the secret list of prospective jurors—had approached ten of them with offers of cash, cars and real estate to acquit Capone!

It seemed unbelievable because even the judge, fearless Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson, hadn't been given the jury list. He studied O'Hare's proof and turned to U. S. Attorney George Q. Johnson and his assistant, Dwight Green, now governor of Illinois. He didn't move a muscle, merely said:

"Bring your case into court as scheduled, gentlemen."

Next morning, Capone appeared for trial, grinning at the jury panel, confident that his "fixing" would work.

Judge Wilkerson summoned his bailiff, told him to take the entire jury panel to Judge Edwards and "borrow" the panel in the latter's court.

It was a terrific blow to Capone. The jury of strangers found him guilty and he was sentenced to serve 11 years in prison.

Chicago is the world's greatest producer of meat.

A few days before Capone was released from Alcatraz prison, Eddie O'Hare was slain on Ogden Avenue by syndicate gunmen. The Capone Syndicate was still operating. Today, under Mayor Martin Kennelly, many of its directors have fled to Sicily, birthplace of the Mafia.

Eddie O'Hare's son, Butch, swore to avenge his father's death but the opening of World War II prompted him to take out his vengeance on the Japs. An ace pilot in the Pacific, the gallant son of a gallant father died a hero's death when his Hellcat fighter plane was attacked by 40 Jap torpedo planes.

Capone, after seven and a half years in prison, came out a broken man, his mind distorted by paresis. He went to his Palm Island mansion in Miami Beach, with delusions of grandeur.

He played handball and gin rummy. One day when he lost a game he gestured towards the victor and told an aide:

"Have the boys take this guy for a ride."

He died in bed last January at 48, unwept and unhonored. He left an estate, including the syndicate and certain activities centering around Mike Potson, the Little Man Who Wasn't There.

The American Weekly will tell about that in next Sunday's issue.

America's favorite!

SUCH LIVELY, "DIFFERENT" FLAVOR . . . TEXTURE

SO CREAMY SMOOTH . . . EVERYBODY GOES FOR

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip

A UNIQUE *TYPE* OF SALAD DRESSING, MIRACLE WHIP IS MADE BY A SECRET RECIPE, MIXED IN A PATENTED BEATER. MILLIONS PREFER IT!

Here's a little drama that's been staged in any number of homes. *Act I:* Junior (or Sister or Father) won't eat his salad. *Act II:* Somebody tells Mother to try *Miracle Whip* Salad Dressing. *Act III:* Junior (or Sister or Father) gobbles up his salad right to the last nutritious bite.

Miracle Whip, you see, has a special teasing flavor no other salad dressing gives you. Made by a secret recipe, mixed satin-smooth in a patented beater, it combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

Since millions agree that Miracle Whip is the *one and only*, it naturally doesn't linger in the stores. But dealers are getting frequent shipments.

SUNBURST SALAD. *Peel 5 firm tomatoes; cut each into 5 sections, leaving them whole at the stem end. Place on lettuce on chop plate. Chop 5 hard-cooked eggs and mix lightly with 5 tbsp. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, ¼c. finely chopped celery, 2 tbsp. finely chopped green pepper, ½ tsp. salt and a dash of pepper. Spread tomato sections slightly apart and fill centers with the egg salad. Sprinkle lightly with paprika; serve Miracle Whip.*

HAVE YOU TASTED *Miracle Whip?* IT'S THE MOST POPULAR SALAD DRESSING EVER CREATED!

Three Ladies and ONE MAN

IT TOOK quite a while, but peace, both martial and marital, has come at last to Arthur Wermuth, the One Man Army of Bataan.

After winning a chestful of medals and international fame for his efforts against the Japanese in the desperate last stand in the Philippines, Wermuth discovered that the cessation of hostilities in the Pacific brought about only a very brief armistice in his personal affairs.

There was his wife, Jean, who thought he was receiving far too much publicity for his own good and didn't hesitate to say so.

There was an attractive Philippine nurse who claimed that Arthur had married her in Manila on Pearl Harbor Day, neglecting to mention that he already had a wife.

There was also the intrepid woman parachutist whose daring never failed to thrill him and whom he wanted to marry if he could ever get himself straightened out.

It was all very confusing, almost as hectic in its way as those days on Bataan when he spent as much time behind the Japanese lines as behind the American and led so many scouting raids that he lost count.

He was fighting a war then like he played football for Northwestern Military Academy in Wisconsin, fearlessly and for keeps. A 190-pounder with a Van Dyke beard, he was the hero of exploit after exploit, forestalling dozens of enemy attacks and preparing the way for American countercharges.

His companions said his .45-caliber tommy-gun and Garand rifle had "absolutely accounted" for 116 Japanese and some reports placed his toll as high as 300. He won the Silver Star for gallantry, the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism and the Purple Heart.

When he was reported missing in action, his wife and mother and sister virtually gave up hope because they were sure the Japanese would kill him if he had been captured. Nevertheless he came home in November, 1945, weighing only 103 pounds, covered with scars and wracked by fever, but alive.

He had been given the "water cure," hung up by the thumbs, knifed and beaten in 17 Japanese prison camps. Application of the rods had left a floating kidney which caused internal hemorrhages. Beriberi, malaria and dysentery had done their worst, but his spirit was as buoyant as ever.

His mother and sister were at San Francisco to meet him but his wife was waiting at Traverse City, Michigan, where she had paid for a home with the allotments he sent her. He said he could hardly wait to see her and called her "the finest girl in the world."

Their reunion, he said later, was hardly up to his expectations. She received him coldly, he reported, and said she hated all the publicity that had resulted from his career.

Jean Wilkins was a nurse in Chicago when Wermuth met her in 1935. He was taking a medical course at Loyola. After they were married in May of that year, he decided he didn't want to be a doctor and got a job as a drug salesman.

Meanwhile Olivia Josephine Oswald, a receptionist employed by the U. S. Army staff in Manila, had filed a petition asking annulment of her marriage to Wermuth. She said they were married on Dec. 7, 1941.

Patricia Steele Wermuth, Wife of the One Man Army. Top Right, Mrs. Jean Wermuth, Who Was His Wife; Top Left, Olivia Josephine Oswald, Who Said She Was.

Arthur Wermuth — Everything's Straightened Out for Him Now.

She said she had no ring or certificate but exhibited a photograph of Wermuth and herself in bridal finery, announcing that it was her wedding picture.

The One Man Army agreed that he was the man in the photograph but explained that it was taken as a gag after a party in Manila.

After separating from his wife, he left Traverse City. He organized the "Flying Tigers Air Show," which toured the country in the summer of 1946 but was not too profitable.

That fall he leased a filling station in Hill City, South Dakota, where his father, a Chicago doctor, had owned some property and where Arthur had spent many happy vacations as a schoolboy. It was a pleasant interlude, and South Dakota voted him "Man of the Year for 1946," but he kept thinking about Patricia Steele, a 23-year-old Denver girl who had joined his air show as a parachutist and was as daring as she was attractive.

He gave up the gas station and obtained a job with a mining firm at Guernsey, Wyoming, not far from Denver. He began to see Patricia again and realized he loved her.

His wife refused to sue for divorce so, when he had established an official residence in Wyoming, he applied for a decree. Mrs. Wermuth contested the suit vigorously, but the One Man Army won another victory. Then he married Patricia.

"I'm 32 now and the doctors tell me I can't expect a normal life span," he said. "I think this is the way to make the most of what I have left."

"I'm Your Wife," Mary Ann Murmured Happily While All Those Present Gave Thanks That She Didn't Know How Soon Her Dream-Come-True Was Doomed to End.

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

MERCIFUL *White Lies*

By Irmis Johnson

TWO slender arms grown weak and pitiful from long illness reached up from a hospital bed in Omaha, Neb. Mary Ann Van Bibber drew her young husband's face close so she could kiss him again.

"I love you so!" she whispered and from the happiness that lighted her eyes John Van Bibber found renewed courage for an ordeal he knew he soon must face; renewed determination to tell convincingly the little white lies that understanding and mercy would exact from him as long as Mary Ann lived.

This was the day she had talked about, dreamed about for months; always she referred to it as "the most wonderful day of my life."

It was their wedding day.

In a simple bedside ceremony, with only a few relatives present, Mary Ann Deeds had become the bride of John Warren Van Bibber, the boy she met at a YMCA dance last September and loved almost from that first instant of meeting.

Everyone in the room, except Mary Ann, knew the special and tragic significance of the marriage lines as they were repeated:

"I, John, take thee, Mary Ann, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part..."

The bride, too weak to sit up, believed she would get well and live a long and normal life with John, her husband.

Everyone else knew she was dying from incurable cancer.

Months earlier Mary Ann's broken-hearted mother, Mrs. Margaret Deeds, and the staunch spirited John had formed a secrecy pact of the sort the merciful often devise to spare loved ones from unbearable sorrow.

Mary Ann would never know.

Her doctor joined in the humanitarian conspiracy and the wedding date of May 10 was postponed but no plans cancelled.

All through the months that followed John wore a cheerful mask when he was with his fiancee and she never knew of the twinge he felt in his heart when he joined, all over again, in discussions of a future wedding and what the bride would wear as she walked down the aisle.

Later he used all his eloquence in a plea that he didn't see any need to wait. Mary Ann would be a lovely bride anywhere, even in a hospital room, and as her husband, he would share in helping her to get well.

"She was more beautiful than ever," John told Mary Ann's mother, "when she smiled from her pillow and talked about our wedding."

"Just think," she said, "I'm your wife; you're my husband."

Time passed swiftly for Mary Ann in the days that followed and pain seemingly went unnoticed for hours as she planned her future home; the fun and responsibilities she and John would share.

"What do you think of that idea, Mom?" she'd ask the smiling but grief-stricken mother who hovered near her bedside waiting to grant her slightest wish.

So it was, on the Wednesday afternoon three days after the wedding, Mary Ann's mother and John stood by her bed listening to plans.

Then the bride closed her eyes and slept and, as her thin hands grew chill within their own, the two who had grown adept at evading the truth and telling falsehoods knew they had ushered her through "the valley of the shadow" without fear.

They had never paused to ask themselves, "Are lies ever justified?"

They just knew.

How well an oft-repeated falsehood shielded an aged mother from grief was brought out when the will of the late Mrs. Julia Columbo, 79, was filed for probate recently with a bequest to her son, Russ Columbo, who was accidentally killed 10 years before her death.

Mrs. Columbo was in a hospital suffering from a heart attack on the fatal afternoon of Sept. 2, 1934. Her crooner son, Russ, was visiting his best friend, Lansing V. Brown, Jr., a portrait photographer.

As the two friends chatted Brown toyed with an old cap-and-ball pistol, believed to be harmless, but when a lighted match accidentally came in contact with it there was an explosion and Russ Columbo slumped over in his chair with a bullet in his brain.

Fearing the shock of his death would kill Columbo's mother, the family kept the news from her.

Mrs. Columbo was told that her son had signed a contract for an engagement abroad. Letters and presents came to her "from Russ" with regularity and since she was almost totally blind the merciful deceit was made easy.

Each month brought a $398 check, presumably part of her son's earnings; actually an insurance payment.

Years went by and, in 1944, the aged mother died peacefully in her vine-covered cottage near Hollywood secure in the belief that her son was well and prospering.

Recent reports from New York's Sing Sing prison disclosed plans for another compassionate untruth, in connection with the electrocution on July 3 of 35-year-old Salvatore Di Cristofaro of Buffalo, N. Y.

Salvatore, who had been in all kinds of trouble since boyhood, finally was convicted of the jealousy murder of a rival for a woman's affections, but, according to attendants at the prison, the murderer's mother, Mrs. Rose Di Cristofaro, believed he was in Sing Sing for some minor offense and soon would be home.

Hard-hearted and defiant Salvatore went to the electric chair with an oath on his lips, but if he knew of the plan to tell his mother that he died in prison of a heart attack some soft spot underneath his tough exterior may have been touched.

The deception was feasible since Italian-born Rose Di Cristofaro understands little English.

Those who planned it must have felt that they were right in doing so, as do all tellers of the little white lies that have relief from suffering for a goal.

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

Another fine LEVER product

"My Beauty Facials give skin fresh new Loveliness," says this famous star

I'm taking Joan Caulfield's tip! She says: "Just smooth Lux Soap's fragrant creamy lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. As you pat gently to dry, skin is smoother, more appealing."

Screen stars *know* about complexion care. It's silly to let neglect cheat you of Romance. You'll find Joan Caulfield is right when she says "My Lux Soap beauty care will make *you* lovelier tonight!"

It's thrilling when he whispers "You're beautiful!" In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap – *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

RETURN OF *Anne Cannon's* OLD LOVE

Anne Cannon—She Found Her Love Again in Avalon and Her Third Husband Is Now Her Fifth.

"I, ANNE, take thee . . ."

She knew the words by heart. On four previous occasions, she had repeated them, with all their solemnity, in slow cadence.

In this role, Anne Cannon Reynolds Smith Plumly Wharton should have been letter perfect.

But, as she stood recently in her seaside cottage at Avalon, N. J., with eyes fixed on Mayor Edith M. Greenan, her voice grew husky and she pronounced the familiar phrases as if she had never heard them before.

Then her face lighted up, as if their true meaning had suddenly been revealed to her.

Her hand trembled as she held it out for Lindsay Plumly to place a wedding ring on her finger for the second time—Lindsay Plumly, who had been her third husband and was now becoming her fifth.

When the small circle of friends she had invited came forward with congratulations, she said:

"All the other ceremonies were performed by men. With this one performed by a woman, I hope it will be more successful."

Everyone agreed that she was a lovely bride—and everyone was glad she had remarried Plumly, nephew of the late Bowman Gray, former head of a large tobacco company.

But she wasn't the same old fun-loving, frivolous Anne, like she used to be, way back in the days before she married the late Zachary Smith Reynolds. The years, filled with disillusionment and darkened by tragedy, had left their mark.

She was serious now, reserved to the point of being retiring—so much so she asked Mayor Greenan to keep her marriage a secret.

That was a change indeed from happy-go-lucky Anne of the old days.

It was her surprise marriage to young Smith Reynolds that first swung the spotlight towards her. Then, in swift succession, came their divorce, Reynolds' later marriage to Libby Holman and his mysterious death. Anne's successful move to have her daughter share in his estate, the death of a young man who escorted her home from a party, her subsequent chain of marriages and her second husband's $250,000 alienation suit against her father.

When Anne was 19, everyone was expecting her to marry her childhood sweetheart, F. Brandon Smith, Jr., but suddenly she ran off with Reynolds one night in 1929. Her father, Joseph F. Cannon, multimillionaire manufacturer, accompanied the young couple from North to South Carolina, where they were married by a drowsy justice of the peace.

Anne and Reynolds lived together for only a few weeks. They were divorced within a year. Baby Anne, Jr., was born, meanwhile, and when the divorce was arranged Reynolds settled a million on the baby.

Tragedy struck close while Anne was separated from her first husband. Thomas Gay Coltrane had accompanied her to a party and left her at the Cannon home in Concord, N. C., on an early December morning in 1930. A little later, his body was found under a near-by hedge.

There was an inquiry, at which Anne testified, and it was decided the young man died of natural causes.

After her divorce from Reynolds, Anne resumed her interrupted romance with Smith, son of a hardware dealer. He was working in Charlotte, N. C., and she announced her engagement to him there.

One Saturday night, she asked him to take her to the newspaper office for a sneak preview of the announcement of the betrothal. He demurred, finally acquiesced, and when they reached the city room of the paper the society section was just coming off the press.

Anne wanted a copy right off the press and in the pressroom she spotted a shiny steel pole that ran to a floor below where paper was stored.

"Look!" she cried. "Just like a fireman's pole. I've got to try it."

Before anyone could stop her, she slid down the pole in her best $8,000 ermine wrap and glossy white gown. Coat and gown were smeared with black, but Anne just laughed, brushed herself off and insisted on going to a party as she was.

Anne and Smith were married on May 4, 1932. The end came two years later when she journeyed to Hot Springs, Ark., with her father and got a divorce. Smith later sued Cannon, who had opposed the match from the start, for $250,000.

He charged, among other things, that Cannon refused to let Anne have her baby. The jury's verdict was for $125,000, which was later reduced.

Not long after Anne's marriage to Smith, ex-husband Reynolds, then married to torch singer Libby Holman, was shot to death at a party at his home near Winston-Salem, N. C. His widow testified he had threatened suicide and the coroner's jury concluded his death was "at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

Several months later a son was born to Libby Holman Reynolds and she named him Christopher Smith Reynolds.

Then came the litigation over Reynolds' $30,000,000 estate.

There was a long and bitter court battle between Anne and Libby, during which Anne's father claimed his daughter was never divorced from Reynolds—regardless of her later marriage to Smith.

He said she was under the influence of morphine and had a temperature of 104 when she filed charges against Reynolds in Reno. Nevertheless, the courts held Libby was the legal widow and awarded her $750,000 and $7,000,000 for her son. Anne's daughter got $10,000,000.

After everything had calmed down again, Anne married her third (and now fifth) husband, Plumly, in 1936, and divorced him in Philadelphia four years later. Then she married Albert C. Wharton, Jr., an old Winston-Salem acquaintance, in Florida.

Her divorce from him was secret.

For several years she has been living quietly in her seaside cottage at Avalon, N. J.

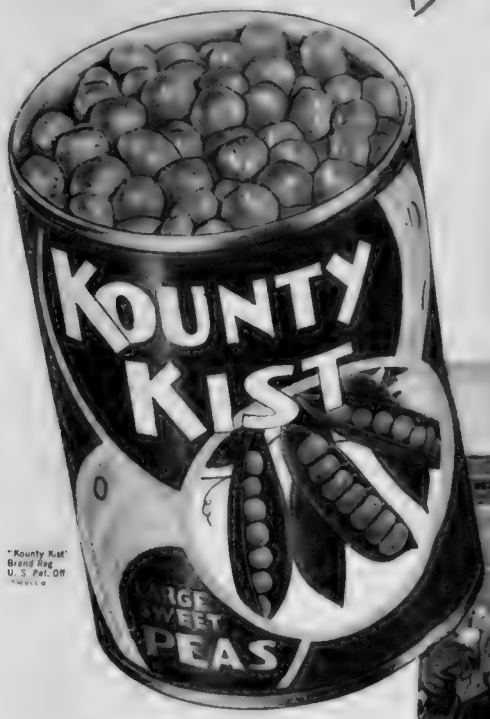
She found her love again in Avalon after Plumly had been a caller and a dinner guest for many months. Soon the embers of the old romance were glowing brightly and Anne and Lindsay decided on another try at marriage.

Now she's Mrs. Plumly again—from this time on, she hopes.

KOUNTY KIST PEAS

BRAND

Sweet as a kiss
Honest as Mother Earth!



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A GREAT VALUE IN GOOD EATING—Specially full grown to assure you the appetizing appearance and fine flavor which you will be proud to serve, in combination with maximum food value—vitamins A, C and B_1 (thiamine), protein and certain essential minerals. Scientifically graded to give you the same high quality in every can—year after year.

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, LeSueur, Minnesota

1947 PACK NOW AT YOUR GROCERS

Eating

Illustrated by
WILLIAM RANDALL

DO YOU have a decided roll of fat around your middle?

Are you a woman who tips the scale at 150 pounds when your normal weight should be 130; or a man who averages 195 pounds or more instead of the 170 that is consistent with your height and bone structure?

If so, you are one of the 40 million Americans who, according to doctors who also are expert nutritionists, should call a halt in their eating and check their diets with a physician.

Although authorities agree that the number of pounds you should weigh is not to be reckoned from charts and statistics alone, most of them also concur in the opinion that no one who is 10 or 15 per cent overweight should go merrily on eating everything his or her heart desires.

The next step may be dangerous obesity (25 per cent or more overweight); a known killer, if allowed to go uncorrected or uncontrolled, that has shortened the lives of thousands of men and women by making them the victims of heart disease, diabetes, liver and kidney ailments and other disorders; causing them also to be poor surgical risks.

The familiar old saying, "He dug his grave with his teeth," might literally have been applied to the Hollywood fat man, Howard Hamburger, who tried too late to get rid of a noticeable number of his 550 pounds because he had fallen in love.

Hammy, as everyone called the genial scion of a wealthy mercantile family, never worried much about his size until he met the tall and lovely brunette, Billie Nelson, a 21-year-old Hollywood writer and reviewer.

Like many another fat man he had gone on occasional reducing sprees, when without any medical advice he virtually starved himself; or tried to burn off the extra pounds with dangerous drugs that speed up the body's metabolism, drugs that now have been placed under rigid control by the Federal Food and Drug Administration.

Hammy's tremendous overweight, though complicated by glandular disorders, probably would have yielded to a rigid, well-balanced diet under strict medical supervision, doctors believe.

There didn't seem to be time, however, for the young man was thinking of marriage and wanted his bride to be proud of him, so he went on the operating table and died there while a surgeon was stripping excess fat from his abdomen like blubber from a whale.

Hammy's obesity made him a poor surgical risk, medical authorities point out, but there seems little doubt that his excess pounds would have cut his life short without any operation.

Insurance statistics show that a substantial degree of overweight puts a strain on practically all vital functions of the body and eventually brings about premature death.

The mortality rate among overweights from coronary artery and heart disease alone is one and one-half times that of average-weight persons; for chronic nephritis (kidney disease) it is one and three-fourths times as high.

Paul Biese, a 350-pound bandleader of the 1920s, also was impatient with the results of dieting and, according to reports, liked to eat too well to give up his dangerous gorging.

He went into the American Hospital in Chicago and had 60 pounds peeled off, with apparent success, but there was an aftermath of muscular pains and fatigue and in the fall of 1923 Paul Biese, still a young man, died suddenly — another victim of a too-big-appetite.

Although the movie actor Laird Creager was six feet three he found his 300 pounds an economic as well as a physical burden. Theatrical work for a fat man didn't seem to be growing on trees, so the year 1939 found him broke, sleeping in his automobile and haunting agencies.

Eventually he made a hit in the title role of a West Coast production of the stage play, "Oscar Wilde." From there he moved into the movies where success seemed assured.

At one time, by periodic dieting Creager took off 60 pounds but probably regained most of it. Then, because he planned to have an abdominal

Can Kill You

A Needless Toll of Human Lives Is Laid to Uncurbed Gluttonous Appetites and Long-Term Indiscriminate Reducing Diets. Unsupported by Doctors' Advice.

When Hammy Hamburger, the 550-Pound Hollywood Fat Man, Fell In Love With Billie Nelson He Tried Too Late to Get Rid of Excess Pounds and Died an Apparent Victim of Unwise Reducing Methods and Obesity.

of action he made a concentrated effort [illegible] pounds.

Although the actor was only 28 years [illegible] days after the operation. The medical [illegible] was "an overworked heart." His excess [illegible] and perhaps some of the wear-and-tear of unwise dieting—had made the key organ of his body a tired old piece of machinery.

These three men who sacrificed their lives to the cravings of their stomachs were in the extremely obese class, but according to Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz in his book "A Future for Preventive Medicine," 28 per cent of the nation's population is 10 per cent or more overweight.

That means that more than one-fourth of us need to reduce our appetites in order to be healthy and have reasonable assurance of long life.

IT DOESN'T mean that anyone, no matter how fat, should go on a screwball, self-directed diet of nothing but a soda cracker at each meal or try to exist on a half grapefruit or a few lettuce leaves three times a day. Those foods are good combined with other essentials but eaten alone they don't furnish the necessary nutrition.

A wealthy woman of middle age came into a doctor's office a few months ago and announced that she had been keeping her weight down by eliminating all milk, eggs and meat from her meals. She claimed to have been doing this for years without any harmful results.

Lately, however, she'd had a series of accidents and seemed always to be laid up with broken bones. This was due to protein and calcium deficiency, the doctor explained, but he kindly refrained from adding that these same deficiencies also had added 20 years to her looks.

Worse still, there had been injury to vital organs that indicated her life span was ebbing.

If we don't get protein from the food we eat we utilize protein from our own bodies, nutrition experts explain, and that leads to deterioration of muscles and body organs.

It was a number of years ago that Barbara Hutton Troubetzkoy—then the Princess Mdivani reportedly went on a diet of one cup of coffee a meal for three whole weeks. Like Hammy Hamburger she did it for love, since she believed she was becoming less attractive in the eyes of her husband.

The Woolworth heiress wound up in a London [illegible] but after-effects of that reducing [illegible] continued unsupervised dieting were [illegible] at least partially to blame [illegible] illness, in 1936, when the baby [illegible] was born.

A person wishing to reduce sensibly can lose approximately three pounds a week if he or she follows a medically approved diet similar to the following, which is used by a well-known New York nutrition expert in his private and clinical work:

(Every individual should have personal medical advice, however, before starting any diet.)

BREAKFAST

1. Fruit—one 5 ounces orange, grapefruit, tomato, vegetable or pineapple juice.
2. Cereal—1 portion prunes, apricots, figs, mixed fruits, etc. NO added sugar.
3. Beverage—1 cup coffee, tea, coffee substitute. NO sugar.

LUNCHEON

1. Soup—1 cup of clear or vegetable soup or bouillon.
2. Salad—1 large fruit or vegetable or 1 small chicken or tunafish salad. (No oily dressing.) Twice weekly 2 boiled eggs or a portion of cottage cheese may be substituted for the salad.
3. Bread—2 slices melba toast.
4. Butter—½ pat only.
5. Beverage—1 glass skimmed milk or 1 cup coffee, tea, coffee substitute. NO sugar.

DINNER

1. Soup—1 cup clear or vegetable soup or bouillon
2. Salad and appetizer—1 small glass tomato juice. Celery, cole slaw, carrots, carrot and cabbage salad, lettuce, radishes, chicory, escarole, cucumber, or any raw vegetable as desired
3. Meat, fish or fowl—⅛ to ½ pound portion of any lean meat, fish or fowl (boiled, broiled or roasted—no gravy).
4. Cooked vegetables—2 portions: asparagus, string beans, beet greens, spinach, broccoli, cabbage, eggplant, brussels sprouts, chicory, kale, dandelion greens, peas, onions or parsnips.
5. Bread—2 slices melba toast.
6. Butter—½ pat only.
7. Fruit—1 apple, orange or pear.
8. Beverage—1 glass skimmed milk

In following this diet salt should be used sparingly. Absolutely NO alcoholic beverages and NO sweet drinks are permissible. An apple, orange or pear or any raw vegetable may be taken whenever hungry. The person trying to reduce should spend as much time as possible outdoors in good weather, taking long walks and exercise.

Every doctor admits that reducing properly takes courage and the first four weeks are the hardest because it takes that much time to re-educate your appetite.

Some physicians suggest use of one of the numerous high-protein tablets on the market, in between meals, to stop the craving for food. These tablets are low in calories. They should not be taken, however, except on the advice of a doctor.

Reducing drugs that speed up the body's metabolism and burn away the fat always are harmful. Thyroid tablets should not be taken unless the doctor advises them specifically because the patient is suffering from hypothyroidism.

Such pills have been a hazard to many women who wanted to eat their cake and keep their figures too; or who insisted on drinking several cocktails along with eating high calorie foods even though they were overweight.

THREE cocktails are much worse for the woman who wants to reduce than three slices of bread. The cocktails furnish several hundred calories of quick energy but contribute none of the so-called micro-essentials; the vitamins, minerals and amino acids needed for good nutrition. Bread in its present enriched state contains energy plus some of these essentials and thin slices sometimes are added to a reducing diet.

In spite of our 4,000,000 citizens who, according to statistics, weigh too much, Americans are developing a fastidious figure consciousness, one expert declares, that is adding years to their lives. He considers being slightly underweight a distinct health advantage.

There are many jobs today where gaining excess pounds may mean that you're fired.

It is rare, however, that a tall, slender fashion model or an airlines hostess takes the matter of diet completely into her own hands. Her good looks and her health are too important.

Jockeys, notably small men anyway, admit that they sometimes determine their own eating regimes according to what seems to work best but a great deal of their reducing is dehydration in a steam room which is only temporary.

Most authorities agree that reducing the intake of food is the only satisfactory way to reduce weight. Active exercise is a poor substitute.

Massage sometimes is helpful in firming the tissue underneath the skin, and in helping to tighten loose skin during weight reduction, but it has little value in removing unwanted pounds of flesh permanently.

All obesity, even when there is a glandular disturbance, is caused by overeating.

DR. L. H. NEWBURGH of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who has made extensive studies of obese patients, lists some reasons for excessive appetite:

1. The habit may have been inculcated by an overzealous or misguided mother.
2. Great gratification may be obtained from the flavors of foods.
3. A full stomach may produce a feeling of repose and comfort.
4. Persons struggling with difficulties they can't master get temporary respite by indulging in food.
5. Persons whose need for food is lessened by disabling illness or by glandular disease may not experience the shrinking of appetite that corresponds with the smaller need.
6. Food habits of earlier years may still hold sway in middle age, when the food requirement is less than in youth.

In accord with the last point is the present-day knowledge that a person should not, normally, increase in weight with age, but to be in the best of health should retain his or her normal weight at 25 or 30 throughout life.

This upsets all the claims of persons of middle age or over that they are just putting on the extra pounds that are to be expected with increased years. The most common cause of those excess pounds, authorities say, is reduced activity without reduced eating.

The best way to conquer obesity, the potential killer, is to prevent it. The problem of taking off 10 or 20 extra pounds and keeping one's weight normal is much less than taking off 50 or 100 pounds when excess weight has become a real health hazard.

Anyone can reduce safely and successfully, the experts say, by seeing a competent physician and following a few simple rules.

There is one thing to remember though, anyone who wants to win at the reducing game and so safeguard his or her health can't afford to stoop to the tiniest bit of cheating—not even once.

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This trial offer guarantees your money back if you aren't completely satisfied. Just bring both tubes, even if empty, and the wrapper back to your dealer. He'll return the full 39¢. (Offer good only through Nov. 30, 1947.)

the alkaline dental cream

Seabiscuit
THE UNBEATABLE

"Half a Length Ahead, a Length, Four Lengths at the Wire, and Seabiscuit Was Finally Rolling Home in Glorious Isolation."

Illustrated by
J. H. McCARTHY

By Horace Wade

WHEN the gallant Seabiscuit retired from the races after thundering in ahead of the field in the 1940 Santa Anita Handicap, he left behind one of the most remarkable records in the history of the American turf.

The little golden bay was a horse from nowhere—an ugly duckling as a two-year-old and little better as a three-year-old. Yet he wound up his career as the greatest money winner of his time.

His record has since been surpassed, but with no loss of luster for the one-time plater which died recently, in retirement, at Ridgewood Ranch, in California.

Seabiscuit *might have been* "claimed" in his early two-year-old form for as little as $2,500; the ultimate winner of $437,730 actually passed into the ownership of the California motor tycoon, Charles S. Howard, for $8,000.

"I wasn't too keen about selling him," said his early trainer, "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons, "but Mrs. Phipps and Mr. Mills, of the Wheatley Stable, had decided to get rid of some of their horses, including Seabiscuit. He was priced to Mr. Howard for $8,000."

A condition of the sale was a good race by the colt next time out.

"The track was muddy on the day of the race," recalled Fitzsimmons, "and if Mr. Howard hadn't been so eager to run I would have scratched him.

"It wasn't even a race. Seabiscuit, never before partial to an off track, ran off and hid from his company. I'll always believe if he hadn't won there'd been no sale."

Seabiscuit made the C. S. Howard silks, red with a white triangle, famous as he figured prominently in such classics as the Santa Anita Handicap, the Brooklyn, the Butler, the Massachusetts, the Hollywood Gold Cup, the Pimlico Special and others.

The name of Seabiscuit always revives memories of his most famous start, the match race with War Admiral in the 1938 Pimlico Special.

For a year sportsmen had speculated on the probable result of such a race. While other promoters cast longing eyes at the two horses and visualized the possibilities of the race, it remained for Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, then president of Pimlico and the youngest racing impresario in the sport, to go out and get it. Neither Charles S. Howard, nor the venerable Samuel D. Riddle, owner of War Admiral, was eager for the match, but both finally agreed.

The morning of the race the late Jarvis Spencer, chairman of the Maryland Racing Commission, toured the mile running strip.

"The track is in splendid shape," he said. "The race is on!"

It was a dream match come true. Seabiscuit in one corner, the solid plugger, the come-from-behind horse from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, meeting War Admiral, champion of his three-year-old form, one of the turf's quickest starters, born with a silver bit in his mouth. In only one way were they alike.

The same blood ran through their veins. Seabiscuit was a grandson of Man o' War; War Admiral a son of that king of thoroughbreds.

To assure no mistakes would be made in the pilot seat, Charley Kurtsinger, the "Flying Dutchman," was up on the Admiral; George "The Iceman" Woolf astride Seabiscuit. Both riders died not many months apart. Kurtsinger after an extended illness, Woolf from a spill at Santa Anita a little more than a year ago.

Woolf, who learned his trade on the quarter-mile tracks of the North-

The Little Golden Bay Was a Horse From Nowhere, Yet He Left Behind One of the Most Remarkable Records in Turf History

west, was not averse to the agreed-upon walk-up start. This was his leather; that was how he had learned to ride.

Kurtsinger, on the contrary, was a product of starting-gate days, and the slow turn, the measured tread, the quick-stepping breakaway put him at a disadvantage. Furthermore Woolf kept turning Seabiscuit's head slightly in toward his rival; determined that if his mount failed to break too alertly he'd at least leave little running room for War Admiral along the rail.

The crowd was quiet as the horses approached the barrier, appreciative of the qualities and values of the race and its contestants. Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy, Tenny and Salvator, Zev and Papyrus, all great match races of other days, paled into sudden insignificance as compared to this 1938 Pimlico Special.

One false start . . . swinging again—walking up . . . another false start . . . turning—swinging—walking . . . and then — suddenly — the earth and skies erupted with sound.

They were off!

The crowd's excitement changed to one of amazement. In the early stages it was Seabiscuit, the plodder, the upstart, the game stretch runner, looking War Admiral in the eye and beating him at his own sprinting game.

The Riddle backers were stunned as Seabiscuit sprang away from his rival by the length of his stride, bay body—and then by two lengths. Georgie "The Iceman" sitting cool as the breath of health, spreading a mantle of dust over the black and yellow Riddle silks.

The race, however, was far from over. From the throats of 40,000 fans, another peal roared forth; the clamor for blood for War Admiral's legion of backers.

Two lengths away the son of Man o' War was beginning to close the gap, his vibrating nostrils reaching Seabiscuit's flank and moving slowly along that flank until the horses battled head and head.

That was the situation at the top of the straightaway, with the mon eyed three-sixteenths looming ahead. It was a question of gameness from there on in. The "Biscuit" had the most of it.

Only once George Woolf gunned back with his whip. Seabiscuit felt the bite of it, his ears flattened to his delicate head, his eyes rolled back defiantly at his foe and he breathed into that final furlong all the excess of his strength.

Half a length ahead, a length, two lengths, four lengths at the wire, he was finally rolling home in glorious isolation and in track record time of 1:56 3/5.

Seabiscuit scaled the heights that afternoon. The leg ailment so soon to sideline him was already beginning to exact its toll of his speed.

Only the determination of owner Charley Howard to push him over the top as money winning king stood between him and immediate retirement.

Nearly two years, but only five races, later, he was to reach the coveted peak in the 1940 Santa Anita Handicap, struggling home on three legs and a brave heart. His next stop was Ridgewood Ranch, California, there to serve selected broodmares and perpetuate himself in a flock of little "Biscuits."

His prowess on the running tracks was indisputable; not so, his ability as a stallion. Sea Swallow, winner of the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs, was probably his best son, although afflicted with his sire's failing, weak legs. Certainly he failed, by a formidable margin, of duplicating himself.

Seabiscuit's death at the age of 14 was premature, yet he passed on as he had lived—alert, sensible, and imperturbable.

those thrifty GOELETS

By Irving Johnson

The Family Fortune Was Founded by Peter Goelet, an Ironmonger, and All the Generations After Him Have Inherited a Rare Gift for Making Millions and a Greater One for Keeping Them

NEARLY all the generations of the Goelets starting with Peter Goelet, an 18th century ironmonger, have been distinguished by a capacity for making millions and an even larger one for holding onto them.

Theirs has been a chronicle of prodigious wealth and thrift—of wealth that has fountained into power and prestige and an enormous self-exaltation—of thrift that has many times passed the limits of outright miserliness and parsimony.

The source and substance of all this wealth has been matrimony and real estate and afterwards banking and commerce, more matrimony and still more real estate. The thrift has been perhaps a practical consequence.

Thus, looking back a century or so, we find old Peter Goelet's bachelor grandson, also called Peter, sitting in his counting house, running an eager finger over his vast real estate holdings; mending his own clothes in his office at the Chemical Bank; using old letters and envelopes for stationery; buying law books to save legal fees; shoeing his horses and milking his own cow.

Again, many years later, we find Mrs. Ogden Goelet, a dowager queen of international society, "hoarding her wardrobe like a miser," only to have her son sell the whole magnificent collection to a New York costumer shortly after her death.

In 1914, we find a Goelet wife, Elsie Whelen Goelet, suing for divorce in Newport and complaining that while she was mistress of a million dollar mansion she rarely had enough to eat.

Now in 1947, we find another wife, pretty Mimi Browne Goelet, borrowing money on her mink coat to support herself and her young son, Ogden Goelet, Jr.

A few of the Goelets actually did spend money with a light and lavish hand, but always on themselves or to give lustre to the family name.

There was, for example, the cotillion at Newport in the '90s where Mrs. Ogden Goelet "introduced a Russian sleigh filled with gardenias in loose bouquets for the women and boutonnaires for the men." The entire gardenia market was cornered for this little piece of planned prodigality.

Earlier, in the prim and pretentious years when New York was putting on its first polished airs, Mrs. Robert Goelet built the Imperial Hotel, on Broadway, "with the goldenest lobby in which drummers' yarns were ever swapped."

WHEREUPON, William Waldorf Astor, according to a contemporary account, "called upon the mighty Hardenbergh to construct a hostelry that would make the Imperial look like a dog kennel." It was built over on Fifth Avenue and Mr. Astor called it the Waldorf-Astoria.

It took the Goelets decades to challenge again and in 1910 the gilded tower of the Ritz-Carlton cast a long shadow across what was once the northerly boundary of the old Goelet farm.

In 1941, Robert Walton (Bertie) Goelet died and bequeathed the Ritz to Harvard. Two years later the university sold it to the Goelets' old neighbors, the Astors.

The complaint of Mimi Goelet, the current Mrs. Ogden Goelet, follows a familiar pattern. Her Goelet story is a long account of ingrained pride and penury and an immense faith in the power of the Goelet millions.

Her husband, his father and all the other Goelets, according to Mimi, still believe in the divine right of kings—and Goelets.

She says the proudest boast of her husband, Ogden, 41-year-old son of Elsie Whelen and Robert Goelet, is that his family is of the American nobility and "far above the reach of the law."

In papers filed in New York Supreme Court, Mimi claims he has refused to support her or her son since leaving them a year ago and asks for a divorce or separation. She names two women and says she has a supplementary list of 18.

Goelet is countersuing for divorce and Mimi says his father is directing all his moves.

Both, she says, are indifferent to her plight and Ogden has dared her to do something about it.

"There's nothing you can do," she quotes him as telling her on several occasions, "My father gives me an allowance and I can do as I please."

Mimi, daughter of a prominent Baltimore family, says the Goelets don't even mind having their private affairs dusted off in public.

"In their tight little circle in Newport and New York," she says, "they are blithely indifferent to what people think of them."

Ogden, she says, lives on the allowance from his father, which follows him wherever he goes.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is his great-aunt and the Duchess of Roxburghe his aunt—and Mimi says he is forever proclaiming his family place, social power and money.

Ogden, like Robert, his father, has been married three times to date. His first wife, Enid Cornfelt, married him in 1933 and was divorced in Reno in 1938. The second Mrs. Goelet was Maria Zimbalist, daughter of the violinist. She divorced him early in 1941 and Mimi, then only 20, married him in April of the same year.

His father's control over his life and finances stopped him from marrying actress Louise Groody—years before his first matrimonial experiment. The elder Goelet threatened to cut off his allowance and Ogden left on a world cruise.

MIMI says he never worked and at her insistence finally took a place in Wall Street—only to rail incessantly at the ruthless capitalists and quit a few months later.

She says she coaxed him into going with the War Production Board. They moved to Washington in 1942 and in October Ogden, Jr., was born. Ogden, Sr., meanwhile, complained he was over-worked and took a Florida vacation.

He stayed there all winter and when he came back his job was gone. Again at his wife's insistence, he went overseas as a club director in December, 1943, and stayed abroad till April, 1946.

Mimi says he never really returned to her, dividing his time with his father and stepmother, Actress Fay Dunn (named as a corespondent.)

He did pay her food and rent bills until Mimi's raiders found him at Miss Dunn's place, she charges, and has given her nothing since. Mimi says he ran around with other women in Europe and she has letters to him from Simone Caldairon de Laboard, prominent in society abroad.

"He openly boasted," charges Mimi in her divorce documents, "that his stepmother, Roberta Goelet, was the social dictator of Newport and that she would see to it that I was ostracized socially and that his family with its tremendous wealth would do everything possible to see that I would end up in the gutter."

In defending his relations with Simone, Ogden says she was a friend of his mother. He has a droll explanation for one letter written by her.

It should be looked at, he says, in the vein of a Continental.

Going back now to the personal history of the Goelets, the records show the first of the line to come to America was Francis Goelet, a Huguenot, who came to New Netherlands in 1676.

He was lost at sea and his son, Jacobus, was raised by Frederick Phillips, merchant and backer of pirates. Jacobus' son, John, materially improved the family fortunes by marrying Jannetje Cannon, daughter of a prosperous storekeeper.

Peter, a son of John, also married money. His wife was Elizabeth Ratse, whose father was one of New York's richest merchants. When he died he left his son, Peter, a sizable fortune.

It was this Peter, an ironmonger during and after the Revolution, who is generally regarded as the founder of the family fortune.

HE, in company with John Jacob Astor, the Rhinelander brothers, the Schermerhorns, Lorillards and other founders of multimillionaire dynasties, obtained from an indulgent municipal government vast tracts of land in New York City.

At one time the Goelet farmlands—accumulated by grant and matrimony—stretched from what is now Union Square to Fifth Avenue and 48th Street. Fifty-five acres came from two marriages.

This plot of great price ran along the east side

of Fifth Avenue, from 45th to 48th Streets, and was bought for $7,537 by Thomas Buchanan, a rich Scotch merchant. Buchanan died in 1875 and his daughters, Alamy and Margaret, married the sons of Peter Goelet, Peter P. and Robert I.

This generation of Goelets and the next following were perhaps the most miserly of the whole line. Peter and Robert Goelet, grandsons of Peter, the ironmonger, spent most of their long lives managing the wealth they had inherited.

Peter, recluse and bachelor, died in 1879 at the age of 79 and his brother Robert, as much a miser and eccentric, passed on a few months later.

Their bulky fortunes descended to Robert's two sons, Robert, born in 1841, and Ogden, born in 1846. Like their father and uncle before them, these Goelets devoted their lives to increasing and multiplying their tremendous inheritances.

Their real estate holdings included some of New York's finest business and residential properties as well as tenement house areas.

The brothers, with combined wealth of $140,000,000 and little to do but watch it grow, abandoned somewhat the rigid economy of their ancestors. Robert bought a sumptuous yacht and both bought mansions at Newport.

ROBERT married Harriette Louise Warren, daughter of a rich New York corporation lawyer, and they had two children, Robert Walton Goelet, and Beatrice Goelet, who died in 1902.

Ogden's wife was the former May Wilson, daughter of Richard T. Wilson, railroad pioneer and banker, and sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Their children were Robert and May, the present Duchess of Roxburghe.

By now Goelet was a hallowed name. The ironmonger's descendants were first people in New York and Newport society. Yet for all this opulence and pride of family, theirs was for the first time a house divided against itself.

The two wives tilted incessantly for social advantage. Mrs. Robert Goelet built the Imperial Hotel and Mrs. Ogden Goelet gave the now famous gardenia party at Newport and scored an impressive triumph when her daughter, May, married the Duke of Roxburghe.

Their rivalry and open dislike for each other continued long after each was a widow (Ogden Goelet died in 1897 and Robert in 1899) and the petticoat ruler of her side of the family.

With the death of his sister, Robert Walton Goelet inherited the entire fortune of his father, Robert.

He also inherited his mother's dislike for the Ogden Goelets and called himself Bertie, to distinguish himself from cousin Robert. Like so many of his golden ancestors, Bertie married money.

His wife was Anne Guestier, whose father was one of France's wealthiest wine merchants.

Bertie died in 1941, leaving his widow, a daughter, Beatrice, and three sons, Robert G., Francis and John.

It took Cousin Robert, son of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, a long time to qualify as the ruler of his side of the family. Most of the joy that brimmed Mrs. Goelet's cup when her daughter married the Duke of Roxburghe was spilled over trying to manage the domestic affairs of her only son.

Robert was barely out of Harvard when he met and married beautiful Elsie Whelen. Ogden and Peter Goelet were born and the dowager Mrs. Ogden Goelet was visioning her daughter-in-law as the eventual ruler of Newport society when the couple parted. Elsie got her decree in 1914 and married Henry Clews, Jr.

A LITTLE later Robert met Mme. Fernanda Rocchi Riabouchinsky, Italian-born wife of a wealthy Russian. Fernanda divorced her husband and married the love-struck Goelet heir.

Mother Goelet refused to meet her new daughter-in-law and marshalled the whole weight of her influence to block the couple socially.

Her one-woman blitzkreig was still in force when Robert Goelet, Jr., was born. At last, Fernanda left for Europe and a Paris divorce in 1924. She is now the Duchess of Villarosa.

A year later, on September 24, 1925, Robert married a Newport town girl, Roberta Willard. Mrs. Ogden Goelet, claiming a heart attack, stayed away from the nuptials. This marriage lasted and the Goelets have a daughter, Mary Eleanor.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet died in 1929 at the age of 73 and control of her husband's vast fortune and the lives and destinies of the family descended to thrice-married Robert.

With the inheritance came two headaches. One is his son, Robert, Jr., society's hep-cat drummer, who has already wound up his first stormy marital venture. The other, of course, is his son, Ogden, whose third is now in receivership.

Otherwise, everything's in place. The Ogden Goelet wealth is still in careful hands.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pretty Mimi Goelet Says Her Husband, His Father and All the Other Goelets Still Believe in the Divine Right of Kings—and Goelets.

WHY CAN'T *You* SLEEP?

By G. B. Lal

Insomnia Uses Up Brain Power and Sometimes Causes Mental Chaos. Sufferers Should Not Argue Before Bedtime and Should Refrain From Taking Sleeping Pills or Powders, Unless Under a Doctor's Order.

Insomnia means useless waste of brain energy. In a few cases, however, severe and serious mental disturbances occurred during the period of wakefulness.

These persons began to have illusions, hallucinations, extreme irritability, other symptoms resembling those of "acute schizophrenia," a common form of insanity.

This investigation shows clearly that insomnia, even in normal persons, uses up brain power and, sometimes, causes mental chaos. The treatment of chronic insomnia depends upon whether or not the suffering person is sick physically or mentally or in both ways. The root illness has to be treated.

When the physician finds no brain tumor or any other brain disease, high blood pressure, stomach, intestinal, kidney or other ailment, insomnia is attributed to psychological factors—worry, anxiety, emotional conflicts.

The trouble is that an otherwise normal, healthy person has some of his wishes thwarted; these curbed, repressed wishes rise up at night and start to play havoc with the brain, banishing sleep.

Psychiatric aid is needed if the troublesome repressed wishes cannot be allayed by conscious attitude and simple methods of keeping the mind at rest and the body muscles relaxed at night.

Taking a tepid bath, drinking a cupful of warm milk, eating very lightly in the evening, not arguing or indulging in mental effort before retiring may induce drowsiness.

Hypnotic suggestion helps some people in learning to relax and sleep. But no one should take sleeping pills and powders except when prescribed by a physician, under special circumstances. Otherwise hypnotic drugs are dangerous; for such medicines increase, rather than decrease, the emotional trouble which is at the root of most insomnia. Their use becomes "habitual," which is most damaging, and may even lead to suicide.

Insomnia Wastes Energy

WHAT'S the price you may have to pay for insomnia? Prof. David B. Tyler, of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, caused experimental insomnia in 600 normal persons, keeping them continuously awake for as long as 112 hours, between four and five days.

Dr. Tyler found that wakefulness produced hardly any change in the chemistry of the blood and in the functioning of the vital organs. Hearing and vision were slightly impaired. The ability to do skillful work, such as typewriting, remained, but sustained effort became more and more difficult with the vigil.

The loss of sustained effort was due to drowsiness, and it was partly counteracted by giving the volunteers benzedrine, "pep pills," that revives alertness.

Study of the electrical brain waves showed that in insomnia the brain uses up energy, as in mental activity.

Hodgkin's Disease Fatal

Hodgkin's disease is incurable and fatal. It may begin with inflammation of the lymph glands, say in the neck. Then mysteriously it spreads to other organs and tissues. Using X-rays and injecting nitrogen mustards, physicians give temporary relief, but the patient dies.

The disease can occur at any ages, particularly between 20 and 40, the prime of life. For science, its special interest lies in the fact that it borders on both cancer and infection. It might be partly, or mainly, caused by some virus, although it is not contagious; but, like cancer, it produces tumors.

In order to find its cause and cure, the Hodgkin's Disease Research Foundation has been established, with headquarters at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, and a national drive for funds is headed by Mrs. Frank C. Henderson, who aims to raise $2,000,000 this year.

Research will be directed by such eminent medical scientists as Dr. Herman Hoster, of Ohio State University, Dr. Thomas Rivers of the Rockefeller Institute, Prof. Robert Chambers of New York University, Dr. Antonio Rottino of St. Vincent's Hospital, Dr. Lloyd Craver of the Memorial Hospital, New York.

It may show the way to the cure not only of Hodgkin's Disease but also of cancer and leukemia.

Cancer Test Studied

Drs. Howard H. Beard, Bernard Halperin and Samuel H. Libert, of the Chicago Medical School, have found that the kidneys of cancer patients excrete some substance which, being injected into rats, causes severe symptoms. The gonads and spleens of these animals become swollen in three to four days—a quick test reaction.

From normal persons no such chemical was obtained. If the test turns out to be sound, it may greatly help in early diagnosis and treatment of cancer, and even in the discovery of a specific cure or cures.

Muscle Toning Important

Your personal pull—that is, the tension of your muscular system—has much to do with your personality and your health and achievement, according to Prof. Elizabeth Duffy, psychologist of the Woman's College, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, N. C.

High tension people react intensively, low tension people respond mildly, to any life situation. Even when not acting the muscles have a tension, a basic "tonus," different in different persons. Just as violin strings have to be tuned neither too much nor too little, so the tonus should be just right for best health and balanced life.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson of Chicago believes that high tension activity sometimes leads to high blood pressure, insomnia, other troubles; by teaching people to "relax," so that muscle tonus is lowered, relief can be given. For measuring tonus simply and quickly, Prof. R. W. Gerard of the University of Chicago has invented a special device.

Measles Being Curbed

Gamma Globulin, a protein substance obtained from pooled human blood plasma by Prof. Edwin Cohn of Harvard, is being used by Dr. Geoffrey Edsall, of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health, to immunize infants against measles.

A large dose prevents the disease for a month. A smaller dose allows the disease to develop, but very mildly, so that natural immunity, which may last for years, is developed. Such modified measles lead to no harmful complications.

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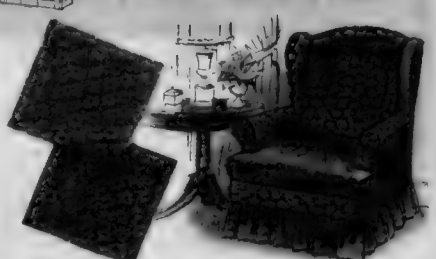

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FASHIONS by Fighters

By PAUL L. MURPHY

UP THERE in the midnight sky over Berlin, with the bombs flowering redly below and the flak etching eerie patterns against the black velvet horizon, the thoughts in men's minds were apt to be as varied as the designs on every side.

Some thought of death. Others thought of life, or love. Raymond Bowley thought of starting a school for fashion design.

Today his New England School of Fashion and Design, run by ex-GIs and boasting an all-veteran student body, is making accomplished dressmakers out of men whose hands only recently were accustomed to few instruments more gentle than bayonets and grenades.

Bowley, who fought in both World Wars, is listed in Who's Who as one of the nation's most skilful fashion designers. Before he got into the last fracas, he had designed costumes for the stage and screen.

When he emerged from the AAF three years ago, he opened his GI dressmaking school in Boston's Back Bay. Soon many of his wartime buddies began dropping around to see as he puts it—whether he was suffering from battle fatigue, or if he really had something in his dressmaking idea.

The skeptics found that Ray's idea was contagious, and they began joining up once they got out of service. The first year he had nearly a hundred dressmakers in his all-male graduating class. The next year the enrolment doubled. Today there are 297 ex-servicemen in his classes.

A Veteran of Two World Wars Is Demonstrating That Ex-GIs Can Design and Make the Kind of Dresses Women Want to Wear.

Bowley's boys specialize in designing and making women's clothes. They don't bother with male attire.

The students learn every phase of the art. They hand-stitch, operate sewing machines, draft patterns, learn every type of garment construction and the selection of fabrics.

Within a year they create their own fashions, including evening gowns, house dresses, street and afternoon outfits. They are experts, from the selecting of the fabrics to the last stitch.

They cater to show business, too. When the costumes for "On the Town" were destroyed in a fire just before the show opened in Boston, Bowley's boys promised to make a complete new set in five days. They delivered the job on time. As a result, they were commissioned to make and design the costumes for the Russian Ballet and other productions.

Several graduates are employed by leading fashion designers. Some design for clothing manufacturers. Others are in business for themselves.

One youth, who served three years in Europe with the Infantry, opened a studio in the heart of Boston's fashionable Beacon Hill. His customers are Boston blueboods, who think nothing of paying from $500 to $1,000 for one of his specially designed dresses or for a replica of some European creation.

Another group of veterans cater to matrons who want specially designed clothing, but cannot afford more than $50 to $100 for their dresses.

These designers use assembly-line methods. One sketches the gowns, a second does the pattern drafting and cutting, a third the sewing, while a fourth displays and sells. They never duplicate a gown. Each is a low-cost original.

According to Ray Bowley, men designers average between $4,500 and $6,500 annually, but top-notchers think nothing of surpassing the $50,000 bracket.

"There is a tremendous demand for men designers these days," says Bowley, "because women prefer apparel created by men. A man does not inflict his own personality into a garment the way a woman does."

Such a LITTLE can make such a DIFFERENCE... by Wilbur Adam

FOOTBALL GAME WON AFTER FINAL GUN

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The Power of Faith

"DISASTER often leads to greater success."

Those words probably have been spoken, with varying degrees of hope, a good many times by a good many people.

This time the speaker was Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, editor of the little non-profit publication called Guideposts, which for more than a year has been carrying non-sectarian spiritual messages to 50,000 subscribers in the United States and in 18 foreign countries.

Before the Blackened Ruins Began to Cool, the People of the Neighborhood Were Demonstrating the Spirit of Brotherhood.

As he spoke he looked at the smoldering ashes of a beautiful old colonial house that had been the publication offices of Guideposts, on Quaker Hill in Pawling, New York.

Everything but the purpose of the project—"to help bring the nation back to its religious moorings" had been lost in that fire.

THERE was no equipment left, no records, and not a single name or address of the subscribers.

Loss of their subscription list is considered the major factor of the tragedy, but Guideposts' editors are using every possible means to reconstruct it.

So, if you were one of those subscribers, or know of anyone who was, please send that information to Guideposts Associates, Inc., Quaker Hill, Pawling, New York, telling as nearly as you can when the subscription was entered and number of issues to be sent.

Already approximately 34,000 persons have responded to this call for information, with letters that told in various ways how they felt they couldn't afford to miss the inspiring personal stories of well-known men and women among them such names as Cecil B. DeMille, Dale Carnegie, Eddie Rickenbacker, Roger Babson and Henry Kaiser—who have applied religion to their own lives and to the solving of their personal problems.

Many have responded with contributions and sentiments typified by a letter from a Connecticut woman which reads:

"The hearts of your subscribers go out to you in this great loss of your building and records. Here is a small check to help toward a new and better building. I wish to own a brick in so fine and worthy a cause."

Even while they were wondering how so disastrous a fire could have started, the editors of Guideposts were saying "Faith always points the way to victory over adversity."

The tragedy occurred on a Sunday afternoon while most of the residents of Quaker Hill were away.

Before the blackened foundations—all that remained of the building—had time to cool, a new temporary home was offered to Guideposts in the Parish Hall of the Pawling Methodist Church.

Then the citizens of Pawling, and men and women from near-by towns, started proving that the spirit of human brotherhood still lives.

They brought in typewriters, paper, pencils and furniture.

Mrs. Grace Dickenson, wife of a Pawling minister, took three or four of the members of the Guideposts' staff into her home and set up an office in the dining room. Mrs. Raymond Thornburg turned over the whole first floor of her house and even provided the services of a cook.

Several housewives offered their services as stenographers and typists.

LOWELL THOMAS, who broadcast the first news of the disaster, told how the idea of Guideposts originated with a group of men who felt that something should be done to revitalize the nation's religious life.

Among the original sponsors were Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Stanley Kresge, Branch Rickey, Mr. Thomas and several others.

"America was built upon the foundations of religion," these men held. "Our democracy and our freedom are the children of religion. But our country has been drifting away from the religion of our fathers."

"We can do a better job of teaching faith" says Dr. Peale, "because early in the development of what is bound to be one of America's greatest religious publishing projects we were forced to demonstrate faith."

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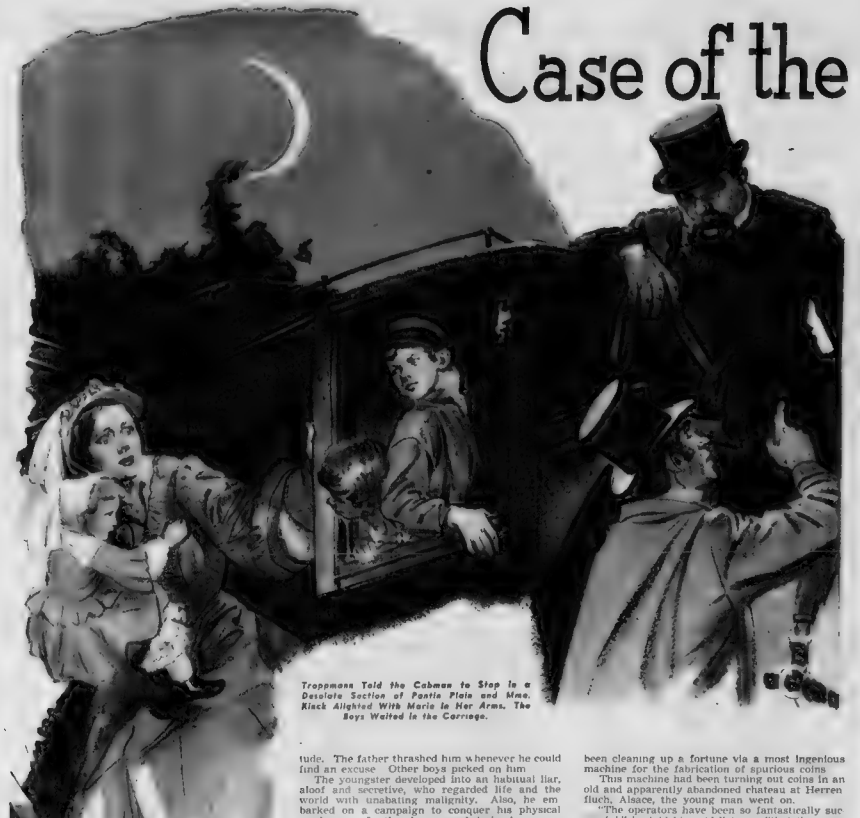

Troppmann Told the Cabman to Stop in a Desolate Section of Pantin Plain and Mme. Kinck Alighted With Marie in Her Arms. The Boys Waited in the Carriage.

By Peter Levins

JUST when Jean Baptiste Troppmann got his infamous idea would be a difficult matter to determine.

It is quite possible that the notion simmered around in the back of his mind for many months. Perhaps he required only the right circumstances, especially the right "partner" to get going.

In Roubaix, France, in August, 1869, the proper set of circumstances presented themselves.

There and at that time, Troppmann found a puppet who met his specifications.

But something went wrong. Troppmann's error was not in misjudging human nature. He erred in not taking into account the exasperating complexity and rigidity of French red tape.

Small, hard-muscled Jean Baptiste, at 20, had lived an unusual boyhood and youth, and had developed into a strange and dangerous person.

The family lived in Cernay, Alsace. The father Joseph, had a knack for invention but none for business. Life was a struggle all the time.

Jean, youngest of a large brood, became the mother's favorite because he was small and frail. Other members of the family resented this attitude. The father thrashed him whenever he could find an excuse. Other boys picked on him.

The youngster developed into an habitual liar, aloof and secretive, who regarded life and the world with unabating malignity. Also, he embarked on a campaign to conquer his physical weakness. In this he succeeded—he became a bundle of steel.

In 1863, when he was 14, Jean Baptiste quit school to work for his father. On the side, he studied chemistry, more or less secretly; and it is recorded that he discovered a most effective and difficult-to-trace poison.

The industrial revolution speeded up, with the result that Troppmann Sr. began getting numerous orders for a weaving device he had invented.

In July, 1869, an order from Paris requested installation by one of Troppmann's own experts, so Jean was dispatched on this job. A few weeks later he was in Roubaix, which is to the north near Lille, on a similar assignment.

It was in Roubaix that he made the acquaintance of the Kinck family.

The head of this family was Jean Kinck, a well-to-do brushmaker who also hailed from Alsace. Kinck, who liked to put his money to quick and effective use, recognized young Troppmann had a head on his shoulders and a not overconventional sense of business morality.

"He's a bright young man, with ideas," Kinck told his wife, immersed in the upbringing of five sons and a daughter ranging in ages from two to 15 years.

"Very good ideas. He has a fine sense of how to make money quickly."

Jean Kinck's eyes gleamed and he rubbed his hands with approval, and perhaps anticipation.

The nub of Troppmann's idea was to win Kinck's compliance to a scheme not within the law. Two components of the idea were to get Kinck away from his vigilant wife; and to propose a shady project which would supposedly function in a region where Kinck was not known.

Once having aroused the brushmaker's cupidity, Troppmann confided that friends of his had been cleaning up a fortune via a most ingenious machine for the fabrication of spurious coins.

This machine had been turning out coins in an old and apparently abandoned chateau at Herren fluch, Alsace, the young man went on.

"The operators have been so fantastically successful," he told his avid listener, "that they now wish to retire from business. Indeed, they have made more money than they know what to do with—and by that I mean real money. I believe they would sell the plant for 5,000 francs."

Kinck agreed such a price was attractive.

Within a week, he left Roubaix alone. He carried two handbags, a roll of ready cash, and some blank checks. He followed a circuitous route mapped by Troppmann, who had previously departed to arrange the deal. Kinck told his wife that he would make his headquarters at Guebwiller, his birthplace in Alsace.

"Soon we will be very rich," he added.

As arranged, Kinck rejoined Troppmann at Bollwiller, a village situated between and close by Guebwiller and Cernay, home of the Troppmann family. They ate together at a small cafe, then headed for the chateau where the miraculous coin-making machine was presumably turning out counterfeit money day and night.

TROPPMANN carried a bottle of wine. But wine was not the only ingredient of its contents.

That same evening, Aug. 25, Jean Baptiste Troppmann arrived home unexpectedly. He seemed to have acquired somewhat more self-reliance than he had previously possessed.

He had also acquired a new watch and a sizable wad of cash.

Several days later, Mme. Kinck received a letter. It had been written by Troppmann, the latter explained, at Kinck's dictation, for Kinck appeared to have sustained a temporarily crippling injury to his writing hand. Enclosed was a check for 5,500 francs, bearing Kinck's signature, drawn on the Caisse Commerciale Bank, where Kinck had an account.

The letter instructed Mme. Kinck to cash the check at once and forward the cash to the post office at Guebwiller. There he would pick up the package and proceed to consummate the deal which was to bring them great riches.

Mme. Kinck did as she was told. A few days later Jean Baptiste presented himself at the Guebwiller post office and represented himself to be Jean Kinck, Jr., the son of Jean Kinck.

The package of money was there—sealed.

"I can hand it over to you, M. Kinck [illegible]diately," said the postmaster.

[illegible]ed, "is that "ALL that is necessary," he cued the address you prove you are"—he r Jean Kinck." on the envelope—"the son o[illegible]LY

"But of course!" exclaimed Troppmann.

Forthwith he produced various private papers. These appeared to prove that the claimant was indeed Jean Kinck, Jr.

"You will see, sir, that these papers offer conclusive evidence that I am Jean Kinck, and the rightful owner of the package," said Troppmann.

"Jim," said the postmaster, "No doubt, sir, no doubt. Er—I'm afraid there is further difficulty."

"Really?" said Troppmann, trying to contain himself. "What might that be?"

"You would have to have legal authority."

"What! Explain, if you will!"

"We would require you to have legal authority to receive this piece of mail which is addressed to your father."

"Legal authority!" he exclaimed. "But of course! Why not? Certainly I shall present legal authority! I—er—merely wished to avoid an annoying delay."

Several more days passed, then Troppmann reappeared at the post office, bearing a legal document which authorized him to receive all letters and packages addressed to Jean Kinck.

"This should prove satisfactory," he said.

"Hm," said the postmaster.

"I'm afraid there is a further difficulty."

Troppmann all but screamed. "What now?"

"I don't like to give you further trouble, sir, but you will have to be identified by a member of your father's family residing in this community."

"Oh, yes," he agreed. "Most important—most important indeed. Unfortunately—"

"Unfortunately, sir? Just what do you mean?"

"I mean, Mr. Postmaster, that—er—that I could never bring myself to ask the local branch of my family for a favor. We do not speak."

The postmaster nodded. "Too bad. In that case I have no further suggestion to offer."

At this junction, an elderly peasant woman, who had caught the drift of the conversation, stated that she had never heard of Jean Kinck having a son named after him.

This interjection disconcerted Troppmann much more than any previous set-back.

"And who might you be?" he stammered.

The woman shrugged. "Just one who knows the Kincks, good sir."

Troppmann managed a smile. "I am generally known as Emile," he glibly explained, "but I was christened Jean Emile. I shall fetch my father to prove it."

The woman apologetically said she hadn't known about that. She seemed quite convinced.

Troppmann stalked out of the office.

He had the imagination to realize that he had gotten himself into a very precarious situation. A whisper of gossip in this village might cost him his life. If Mme. Kinck became suspicious...!!

He would have to revise his arrangements.

That same August night, he journeyed to Paris. Twenty-four hours later he took the night train to Lille, and the next morning he wrote a letter to Mme. Kinck, enclosing a check for 500 francs forged in the name of her husband. This letter, too, had supposedly been dictated by Kinck.

It stated that he (Kinck), being unable to get away from Paris, had commissioned Troppmann to collect the money held at the post office in Guebwiller, and that the reason for this change in plans would be explained by Troppmann in person. The letter mentioned that the young mechanic-chemist from Cernay had put him (Kinck) in the way of half a million francs.

"I relish all of you with the exception of Gustave to join me in Paris," the letter concluded. "I wish Gustave to proceed to Guebwiller so, he must the money at the post office. Rich will have to use the enclosed procuration[illegible]," be signed by the mayor of Guebwiller to Paris and registered Troppmann rushed to a hotel as Jean Kinck, at the Gard du Nord; matters were not proceeding accor[illegible] for one thing, seemed in no hurry

The me procuration. This greatly distressed to sign Kinck, eldest of the sons, for he had Gus[illegible]much thrilled by the prospect of visiting his father's native Alsace. Indeed, he became so impatient that his mother sent him to visit his aunt Roller at Guebwiller until the all-important document should arrive.

The procuration, duly signed by the mayor, arrived at the Kinck home, and Mme. Kinck, who was illiterate, had it readdressed. Through a misunderstanding, it was readdressed, not to Gustave but to General Delivery in Guebwiller. Mme. Kinck advised her son that the document would be delivered to the Roller home.

NEEDLESS to say, it was not delivered there. In Guebwiller, Gustave received a letter, signed with his father's name, instructing him to collect the money and proceed to Paris. He wired back that he was still waiting for the document.

Troppmann now wired Mme. Kinck to remain in Roubaix until another procuration had been signed and dispatched to Gustave.

On top of that, Gustave, who had become bored with lolling about the Roller home, wired his father at the Gard du Nord that he was leaving for Paris. Troppmann frantically wired back that he must remain in Guebwiller.

But Gustave had already left.

By this time the Great Idea had gotten out of hand.

Troppmann met Gustave at the railroad station on Sept. 17. At his instruction, the boy wired his mother to leave for Paris on the following Sunday, taking all her papers with her.

A few hours later, Gustave Kinck accompanied Troppmann out to Pantin Plain, a sparsely inhabited region on the outskirts of town.

When Troppmann returned, he returned alone.

On Sunday, Sept. 19, the remaining members of the Kinck family—Mme. Kinck, Emile, Henri, Alfred, Archie, and two-year-old Marie—arrived at the Roubaix station in such good time that they boarded a train earlier than the one Troppmann had specified.

Consequently no one met them in Paris.

The family repaired to the Gard du Nord hotel. Mme. Kinck learned that her husband was registered there but was out. She returned with the children to the station.

Troppmann appeared at 10:45 p. m. He told Mme. Kinck that her husband was waiting for her at Pantin.

"I have a cab here which will take us all to him," he said.

Then he coughed and added in a whisper meant only for her, "There is need for secretiveness."

Installed in the cab, they drove past the Flanders Gate, and the Quatre Chemins. Finally they reached a desolate section of the Plantin Plain. Troppmann told the cabman to stop.

Mme. Kinck left the carriage with two-year-old Marie in her arms. They disappeared into the darkness, accompanied by Troppmann.

He returned in about 20 minutes. He remained in the shadow of the cab as he paid the fare.

Then he went off with the four boys.

* * *

At about 7 the next morning, a workman crossing the fields noticed blood marks on the foliage. He saw that they led to a plowed field. Then he saw part of a handkerchief sticking out of the soil and beheld mounds [illegible] bodies of Mme. Kinck and the five children.

Identification of the victims was quickly established by employees of the Gard du Nord hotel. Police broadcast description of Troppmann, who actually had left Havre, where the fugitive hoped to find a ship for America, he read about the predicament, therefore, attempt to obtain a passport.

Once again accident decided his fate.

A police officer named Ferrand, hearing Troppmann spinning tall tales in a Le Havre cafe, suspected him of being a dock thief and placed him under arrest. En route to the police station, the prisoner broke loose and leaped into the harbor. In so doing he struck his head on a raft, and was rescued in a senseless condition.

WITH a search of his person at the police station came his exposure.

But still he had explanations. He said Gustave had killed his mother, four brothers and sister until Gustave's body was also unearthed in Pantin Plain on Sept. 26.

Then he blamed everything on the father until Jean Kinck's poisoned body was found on Nov. 24 underneath a pile of stones in woods between Guebwiller and Bollwiller.

One thing about Troppmann—he never stopped trying. On Jan. 13, 1870, when the blade of the guillotine was falling toward his neck, he threw his head back in a vain effort to avoid it.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAFSON

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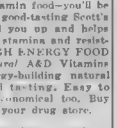

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Read Sally Young's Beauty Page.

Teen-Age Tempest

Improving Schoolroom Discipline

By URSULA TROW

MANY teeners are as concerned as their parents over the lack of discipline in our high schools, and some of them have some pretty good ideas on how conditions could be bettered.

According to **David M. Egerwald**, of Stamford, Conn.; **Norbert Barron**, of Baltimore, Md.; **Suzanne Bally**, of Virginia Beach, Va., and **Mary Lou Dunn**, of Yorktown Heights, N. Y., very good teacher-pupil relations have been worked out in their schools through student government. Teachers and students sit down together to iron out their problems.

Lydia Flores, of Los Angeles, is astounded at the lack of understanding that youngsters show toward their teachers. "A teacher sacrifices for years to obtain the knowledge needed to teach us. For that alone she deserves respect."

"There's too much dissension within schools themselves," says **"Sandra,"** of Alliance, Ohio. "Principals, in their eagerness to curry favor with pupils and parents, often ridicule a teacher and thus undermine her effectiveness."

Nora Nyegaard, who was born in Paraguay, South America, but now lives at Modesto, Calif., has never gotten over her surprise at the lack of respect shown American teachers.

Murietta D. Scruggs, of Garberville, Calif., believes that much of the high school problem is due to bored children. "They don't have enough work to do. And those who are brilliant are held back by average or poor students."

"I graduated from high school with a feeling of being undereducated," writes **Sally Mennard**, of McDonald, Pa. "Much of it, I think, was due to teachers who had no understanding of a young person's problems."

Oreen Selland, of Winslow, Wash., says school discipline should start in the home. Mrs. **Harry H. Hays**, of New Brighton, Pa.; **Doris McCormick**, of Cleveland, Ohio; **John Dutcher**, of Bulytown, Pa., and **Jane Carroll**, of San Francisco, believe the parents should give the teacher the right to punish pupils.

An indignant vet, **Clarence Giffin, Jr.**, of Cleveland, says: "The trouble with our schools today is simple: Pay better wages, get better teachers."

Wilma Smythe, of Butte, Mont., says: "I, personally, know several insolent and defiant young ladies whose classroom behavior would be greatly improved by old fashioned therapy."

Teachers should be more seasoned and experienced in the opinion of **Mermine Merkle**, of Cleveland.

Teen-agers' behavior would be greatly improved if boys and girls were in separate school rooms, says **Frances Boucher**, of Manchester, N. H.

If you have ideas on how to achieve better school discipline, write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Some Principals, Says One Teen-Ager, Ridicule Teachers and Undermine Their Effectiveness in the Classroom.

What About Working Mothers?

WORKING mothers get a lot of the blame for juvenile delinquency because they aren't at home during the hours when their children need watching. However, Leona Stanziana, a fifteener of Clyde, N. Y., doesn't agree that it is all the mother's fault when children get into trouble.

"My Mother and Dad," she writes, "both have to work in order to make ends meet. My two sisters and I used to feel that we couldn't do without our mother running the house full time. But she gives us the directions we need and in return we give her our love, and help with the housework.

"Often there were temptations—things we would have liked to do, and could have done. But because we loved our parents and knew they loved us, we did the thing we were sure they wanted us to do."

Leona points out that the choice is up to the teener. And whether mother is working or not, it's up to a teener to behave himself, or herself. How do you feel about this situation?

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The helpful and uplifting EXTRA SUPPORTING power of COMMANDER firmly supports abdominal sag. The very instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

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—H. A. Z., Bethlehem, Pa.

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—E. W., Chicago, Ill.

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—Dr. A. M. S., Mich.

"I purchased a belt for my husband which has proved to be the most wonderful thing he has ever worn. I wish I could put into words how much better he looks and feels."
—(Mrs.) R. E. M., Phila. Pa.

Above are just a few of many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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the "double-duty" dentifrice
Teel is the only leading dentifrice that does both:
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Gets teeth sparkling clean with a patented ingredient. Get TEEL today and follow special directions on the package.
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Liquid TEEL penetrates tooth crevices instantly . . . removes decaying food particles which cause much bad breath . . . refreshes your mouth on contact! Pleasant, tangy flavor, Try it!
CLEANS TEETH
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SYLVANIA-ELECTRIC
Buy the BEST LIGHT IN SIGHT in the BRIGHT YELLOW CARTON!

Letters to the Editor

I'VE just finished reading Evelyn Barkins' article, "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator," and you're right in calling it a "revolution in motherhood." It's one revolution, I trust, that won't spread to other mothers

I sincerely believe that a mother should put her child's welfare before her own comfort. It doesn't take long to give a baby a bath, and the delighted squeals and splashes should be ample compensation for aching muscles. Nor do I imagine she would enjoy it if she were a baby and somebody deliberately ignored her at mealtime

Her advice may look good in print, but I believe that if she would concentrate more on giving more of herself to her children, she would receive greater satisfaction than seeing her name with the suffix "author."

Mrs. Janet Rogers
Weirton, W. Va.

• • •

May I suggest that you put in print, in a paper cover, Dan Parker's article on "Tinker to Evers to Chance"?

It was an excellent article, and I have heard several ball fans say they wished it were in book form, so they could keep it.

Ray A. Bowie,
San Francisco, Calif.

• • •

Peter Donald was dead wrong in his "Epicure" article, when he said that men are not "salad sissies." I've known many men who won't even try a salad because they think they won't like "so much mixed-up food." Others complain that salads are never made from the right foods.

I suggest Mr. Donald get around to more social gatherings, and learn that men really are "salad sissies."

Mac J. Zmuda
Eau Gallie, Fla.

• • •

Your portrait of Becky Sharp hardly represented her, especially when matched with Erskine's "Scheming" Becky. My sweet six-year-old daughter is the exact image of your portrait's face—an innocent sweet face.

A. E. Buollet
South Fork, Calif.

(Becky Sharp, according to Thackeray's story, was a very beautiful girl.—Ed).

• • •

An aunt in California sends me your magazine once a month, and I must tell you how much I enjoy it. I'm interested in your medical articles, since I am a medical student myself.

Instead of keeping individual clippings, I've been collecting the entire magazines into a file for over 12 months, and I find I now possess an enormously varied general information book

Best of luck to The American Weekly

Mary Lucey,
Cork, Ireland

• • •

I was very much interested in your recent teenage article, "Youth at the Wheel." Where might I get more information on such high school driving classes as those described by the author, Sgt. George Adams of the Washington State Police?

I am chairman of our youth recreation program, and feel that driving classes are a must.

Mrs. William A. Sheer
Malone, N. Y.

(Mrs Sheer's letter has been forwarded to Sgt. Adams for first hand advice.—Ed.)

• • •

I got quite a bang out of your story, "Resolved: To Quit Browbeating My Husband."

Pardon me for using the old expression, but is Mr. Gardiner a man or mouse? If he isn't a mouse then the old love bug must have bitten him pretty hard for him to have taken so much abuse from his wife. It only took one punch from my husband to cure my bite.

If Mr. Gardiner hasn't turned into a woman hater, better luck on his next try.

Mrs. L. H. Cooper
San Leandro, Calif.

• • •

In your article, "Are Twins Psychic?" the writer claimed that similarity in living patterns of twins living apart justifies the existence of a psychiatric tie between them. I think that common parentage—and therefore common heredity—would be a more logical explanation of the "coincidences" mentioned.

Henry Lesperance
Detroit, Mich.

• • •

So many splendid articles are published in your American Weekly. In particular, your recent story, "God Is My Partner," was highly spoken of during our Methodist Church Sunday services.

I'm cutting that article out, and saving it as proof that God keeps his word and pours out blessings on those who help Him.

Mrs. Lucy O. Ginter
Detroit, Mich.

The Rebellious Princess

A WITHERED old woman breathed her last in a suburb of Brussels the other day and was buried with the simplest of funeral ceremonies. To her neighbors she was just a sweet old lady whose best friends were the birds in her patch of garden. But in the archives of European royalty she was the "Rebellious Princess" who gave up a throne for love.

She was Louise, Crown Princess of Saxony, and the daughter of a Grand Duke. She shocked the ruling houses of the Continent by leaving her sottish royal husband for a handsome young tutor named Giron.

This was back in 1902, and it was a royal scandal that was talked about in the cottages of peasants as well as in the palaces of kings.

How the Princess Louise achieved her royal marriage and finally broke it up is told in next week's magazine. You'll find the story of "The Rebellious Princess" fascinating.

THE country is full of practical jokers. Some of them are well-meaning people and their gags are harmless. Others have a mean streak in them and their pranks bring suffering, and sometimes death, to the victims of their twisted sense of humor. Read "Some Jokes Aren't Funny" in next week's issue to see how grim some can be. .

ANCO SPEED PAD gives you a TRULY CLEAN WINDSHIELD at the gas pump
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AMAZING!
Removes . . . swiftly and gently . . . from your windshield . . . all stubborn film, fog, smear and other obstructions to safe driving vision. Uses only water . . . no chemicals. Leaves glass film-free . . . and crystal clear. Eye strain . . . FILM FATIGUE . . . a serious driving hazard. GONE!
DON'T BLAME YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!
Sure . . . he knows how your nerves jangle . . . while your eyes strain through that ghost-like film that grows on your windshield. He knows how that film blurs dangerously under your windshield wiper in the next storm. He has tried hard to clear it . . . to please you . . . using the best he has had . . . up to now . . . to work with. Maybe your gas man is discouraged . . . hasn't seen ANCO Speed Pad. thinks FILM can't be whipped . . . quickly and completely. You can't blame him for that.
WHO tells HIM?
After all, YOU have a lot to gain . . . in safety and in restful driving comfort. So why not YOU tell HIM . . . about this amazing new ANCO year-round device? Show him this ad. He'll win friends . . . with Speed Pad.
Yet . . . he can get . . . from his ANCO distributor . . . an extra ANCO Speed Pad . . . for your own convenient use . . . in cleaning your windshield . . . or your windows and mirrors at home. And he can equip your windshield . . . quickly . . . NOW . . . with keen new ANCO Wiper Blades and Arms . . . to KEEP that windshield CLEAN . . . in storms ahead. Get yours today!
May save you a costly smashup!
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Gray Hair
If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, CLAIROL is your answer. *For CLAIROL is the world's most natural-looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "CLAIROL often helps make a woman look ten years younger"—And in one quick treatment too. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using—if it gives your hair an artificial look—then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to CLAIROL this very day.
* Proof that Clairol colors hair on nature's plan may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 510 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.
Caution: Use only as directed on the label.

What Thousands Do About BAD SKIN
If external [illegible] other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (mercy-rex) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.
MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

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Tracked Into The Home Can Infect Your Whole Family!
Lose no time! If your feet itch, or skin between toes is cracked, red, raw or peeling from Athlete's Foot, get Dr. Scholl's Solvex at once. Quickly relieves itching; kills fungi on contact; aids rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

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guarantees your perfect sleeping comfort

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A Smooth TUFTLESS Top, Plus Exclusive "Ribbon Steel" Coils in Center Section that give EXTRA Support and EXTRA Buoyancy where you need it most!

HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY: Exclusive, patented flat "ribbon steel" coils in center section of the tuftless "PERFECT SLEEPER" have more *strength* and more *resiliency* than ordinary innerspring round wire coils. They guard against sagging, side-slipping and back strain—assure restful sleep!

the TUFTLESS

"PERFECT SLEEPER"

MATTRESS and BOX SPRING

YOU GET A NEW KIND OF RESTFUL SLEEP with the tuftless "PERFECT SLEEPER" mattress—with healthful, relaxing support throughout the *entire length* of your body! The secret lies in the center panel reinforced with new, exclusive -patented, tougher but more buoyant springs. This eliminates the stresses and strains that interfere with sleeping comfort.

Your body will relax on its smooth *tuftless* top . . . nary a bump or button to disturb your deep, dreamless rest! You'll feel the cushiony, extra-resilient center support literally cradle you to sleep. No sags, humps or hollows—the "PERFECT SLEEPER" keeps your back on the "Comfort Level" all night.

Come in and ask your dealer for a demonstration of this "PERFECT SLEEPER". See and feel the difference yourself, today. At leading furniture and department stores from coast to coast in U. S. and Canada.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

"PERFECT SLEEPERS" are built to last! Specially made heavily reinforced innerspring unit has extra-strong, extra-buoyant ribbon steel coil center section. Springs are covered with non-shifting upholstery, tough insulator pads, *plus* many layers of fine cotton felt permanently stitched into position. Borders are "pre-built" and edges are specially reinforced with patented ribbon steel bands and extra-strong coils—so that they are really permanent . . . you can sit on them and you won't hurt them. Velvety smooth tuftless top has no buttons to pop, no tufts to break.

In addition, every "PERFECT SLEEPER" Mattress and Box Spring is unconditionally guaranteed against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction.

Remarkable New BOX SPRING Gives Perfect Matching Comfort!

The "PERFECT SLEEPER" BOX SPRING is the ideal mate for this mattress. Raised edges make for neater fit, more comfort. Oversized springs give extra luxurious support. Reinforced hardwood frame. Fully upholstered... dustless, noiseless.

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RECIPE ROW
featuring
PABST-ETT
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Asparagus on Toast with Pabst-ett Sauce

1 pkg. Pabst-ett Cooked
¼ cup milk asparagus
Toast squares

Melt the delicious Pabst-ett Cheese Food in top of double boiler. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. Serve a generous amount of this sauce on each portion of asparagus, which has been placed on a square of toast.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Children love Pabst-ett's mild, cheddar flavor in smooth, golden sauces poured over hot cooked vegetables and egg dishes. Use the same golden Pabst-ett cheese sauce as in the recipe above. Pabst-ett is a swell treat, too, spread on bread or crackers. Serve delicious Pabst-ett Cheese Food often—it's highly nourishing, easy to digest.

It's Phenix—for fine foods

And here's a list of other Phenix favorites to jot down on your shopping list: *Phenix Process American Cheese* in the handy half-pound package; *Phenix Cream and Cheese Spreads*, in seven tempting varieties; *Phenix Tasty Loaf*, cheese food in the economical two-pound package. You'll find PABST-ETT quality in *all* PHENIX FOODS.

Phenix Pabst-ett Company, Chicago 90

TEEN-AGE SKIN

marred by blotchy outbreaks, is often helped remarkably by Resinol care. Cleanse daily with mild, fluffy lather of fine Resinol Soap. Apply medicated Resinol to relieve pimple irritation and thus aid healing. Buy and use both today.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Plenty of Room in the Pan to Baste and Turn the Chicken Marengo Will Make a Better Tasting Dish.

Quick Time Dinners for the Busy Girl

ONE boon for the busy girl is the use of quick-frozen, canned and packaged meats, fish and vegetables—even packaged mixes for hot rolls and pastries. Try these suggestions for delicious meals, and you'll see what we mean.

The Chicken Marengo, starting with a frozen frier, makes a substantial dish combined with onions, mushrooms, tomatoes and served with a smooth sauce.

Frozen chicken a la king is the main ingredient in a casserole dish that can be popped right into the oven, starting the thawing and cooking at once. Topped with slices of cheese, served browned and bubbly, it is good.

For curry fans the frozen fillets of haddock done with curry come from the oven mildly seasoned, not on the hot side. For those who dislike any suggestion of curry here is a Baked Cod pepped up with a top dressing of bread crumbs and cheese.

When your time is very limited, take a can of spiced ham loaf and make the Baked Ham Squares.

Chicken Marengo

1 pkg. frozen frying chicken, cut up
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ cup flour
⅓ cup salad oil
12 small white onions, peeled
¼ lb. sliced mushrooms
2 peeled cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup butter or fortified margarine
½ cup water
¼ cup sherry
4 fresh tomatoes, quartered, or 1 cup drained, canned tomatoes

Thaw chicken completely. Separate pieces; wipe dry. Combine ½ tsp. salt, pepper, and flour; dredge pieces of chicken with this, and saute in hot oil in skillet or flat pan until brown. Reduce heat to very low; cover, and cook 40 min., or until chicken is tender. Meanwhile, cook onions, covered, in boiling salted water 12 min., or until nearly tender; drain. Combine onions, mushrooms, garlic, and butter in a skillet; cover, cook 15 min., stirring occasionally. Measure flour left from dredging chicken, and add enough flour to make 2 tbsps. Stir this into onion-mushroom mixture. Stir in water, sherry, tomatoes, and remaining 1 tsp. salt; heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thickened. Cover, and cook 10 min. Add more seasoning, if desired. Remove chicken to platter; pour sauce over all. Serves 4.

Creamed Chicken Casserole

1 11-oz. pkg. frozen chicken a la king
½ cup light cream
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
¼ lb. sliced mushrooms
3 tbsps. sherry
¼ lb. processed American cheddar cheese, sliced

Place frozen chicken a la king in saucepan. Add cream; cover; heat slowly over low heat for 20 min., stirring frequently to prevent sticking. Meanwhile, melt butter in skillet, and saute mushrooms until tender—about 5 min. Add mushrooms and sherry to heated chicken. Pour into shallow casserole; top with sliced cheese, and place under broiler for a few seconds, until golden brown on top. Serves 4.

Curry of Haddock

2 pkgs. frozen haddock fillets
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup sliced onions
3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
1 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
1 tsp. curry powder
¾ cup light cream

Place frozen haddock fillets in baking dish about 12"x6"x2". Saute celery and onions in butter for 5 min.; add salt, pepper and curry powder, and mix well. Then add milk gradually, while stirring. Heat thoroughly; pour over fish, and bake in moderate oven 350 deg. F. for 30 min. Serve 4.

Mustard Peas and Cauliflower

1 tbsp. butter or fortified margarine
2½ tsps. flour
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. salt
1 egg yolk
¾ cup milk
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 pkg. frozen peas
1 pkg. frozen cauliflower

Melt butter in double boiler; then stir in flour, mustard, and salt. Remove from heat, and add egg yolk, while beating mixture with spoon until blended. Stir in milk; replace over simmering water, and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat, and add lemon juice. Meanwhile, drop peas and cauliflower into covered saucepan with ¾" boiling salted water. Bring to boil; then boil 4 to 7 min., or until cauliflower is just tender. Drain immediately; pour into serving dish, and pour sauce over all. Serves 6

Baked Cod With Cheese Dressing

2 pkgs. frozen cod fillets
½ cup sliced onions
¼ cup butter or fortified margarine
¾ tsp. salt
Dash pepper
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
¼ cup grated processed American cheddar cheese
¼ cup light cream

Place frozen cod fillets in baking dish. Saute onions in butter until lightly browned, then add salt, pepper, bread crumbs, and cheese. Toss lightly with fork until mixed. Place bread crumb mixture on top of fillets. Pour cream around fish, and bake in moderate oven of 350 deg. F. for 45 min., or until fish flakes easily with fork. Serves 6.

Baked Ham Squares

1 12-oz. can spiced ham loaf
3 tbsps. peanut butter
Milk to cover

Slice meat into 3 equal crosswise slices. Put in shallow baking pan. Brown on both sides under broiler. Spread each square with 1 tbsp. peanut butter. Pour in milk barely to cover meat. Bake at 350 deg. F for 45 min. or until nicely browned. When done, cut around slices, being careful not to disturb the surface. Lift out to heated platter. Serves 3.

Raspberry Cream

1 pkg. frozen raspberries
½ cup granulated sugar
Pinch salt
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Remove raspberries from package; let them defrost. Place in saucepan; add sugar and salt. Cook over low heat just long enough to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat; press through fine sieve with back of spoon. Cool slightly; then add lemon juice; fold in whipped cream. Pour into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator; freeze, with cold control at coldest setting, until mushy through out. Now beat the raspberry mixture well with a spoon. Then freeze until firm. Serves 4.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17 N. Y. Send stamped, self addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 592, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

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- ☐ (60) Gaylord Hauser Diet
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- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (93) Almanac Picnic Recipes
- ☐ (94) Keep Cool Dinner Dishes
- ☐ (95) Almanac Preserve Recipes
- ☐ (96) Canning, Drying Recipes
- ☐ (97) Iced Drinks & Desserts

"I think men act much older than women!"

INSISTED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"THAT'S gratitude!" grumped Elmer, the bull. "I get accused of acting old when I'm just plain *sleepy* from walking your son all night!"

"That's just it!" cried Elsie. "You've *got* to have a new interest in life, or you'll spoil the baby! That's why I suggest painting as a hobby."

"My new son's all the hobby I need," snapped Elmer. "What can painting do for me that he can't?"

"*Dear,*" explained Elsie, "everybody needs an *outside* interest, too, to help keep them acting *young*."

"What interest keeps wives so doggoned *young-acting?*" asked Elmer.

"Well," said Elsie, "lots of women make a hobby of getting their money's worth of nutrition for every penny spent. And you'd be surprised how many of them have found that *penny for penny, your best food buy is milk*—I'm speaking of *Borden's Milk!*"

"For crying out loud!" bellowed Elmer. "What's Borden's Milk got to do with my taking up painting? Milk's for kids like my son."

"Borden's Milk," corrected Elsie, "is good for *everybody* — wonderfully nourishing with meals, and in-between! Grand *eating*, too—in puddings, on cereals, in sauces for vegetables, meat, fish. Believe me, a woman who's interested in feeding her family right can keep her mind mighty active thinking up new ways to use milk in cooking."

"I'd rather cook," groaned Elmer, "than get dressed up in a smock, and monkey around with a lot of gaudy paints and messy brushes."

"Then, by all means, cook," urged Elsie. "Loads of men take up cooking as a hobby. What would you start with, dear?"

"Do start with *Borden's Instant Coffee*, daddy, *do!*" cried Beulah. "That's a *cinch*. You just drop ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoon in a cup, add hot water—and get a cup of the *dreamiest* coffee. Don't you, mother?"

"I'd hardly call it *dreamy*, dear," smiled Elsie, "but Borden's Instant Coffee *is* gloriously delicious. And anybody who doesn't like it *better* than any coffee they ever tasted—ground or instant—why, Borden's will refund their money!"

"My ears! My ears!" groaned Elmer. "*Please* save 'em from another Borden's blast!"

"Did you say *save*, dear?" pounced Elsie. "You most certainly *do* save when you serve Borden's Instant Coffee. Most users say they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a full pound of ground coffee. What *more* could you ask?"

"Just a change in tune—and from *you!*" snapped Elmer.

"But I only know one tune," giggled Elsie. "I've been singing it for years—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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For Quick Time Dinner Recipes Busy Working Girls Should Read Ann Alden's Household Almanac Page Which Lists Scores Delicious Recipes Made from Frozen Meats Fish and Vegetables. In Every Issue of The American Weekly You Will Find Ann Alden's Almanac Page Offering New and Tempting Recipes.

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The Epicure

WILLIAMS CALIFORNIA STYLE BROILED STEAK AND ONIONS

By TED WILLIAMS

NEARLY everyone loves broiled steak smothered with onions. But, amazingly enough, most folks don't know how to broil a steak properly. So far I've found there is really only one perfect way to broil a steak. That's the way Mom does it.

Select the type of steak you enjoy best. The same rules apply for sirloin, T-bone, porterhouse, rib, club, or tenderloin. Snip the very edge of the steak with scissors or a sharp knife, cutting a bit on the bias. Be careful not to cut into the meat or the juice will leak out.

Wipe the steak with a cloth wrung from cold water. Meanwhile, have the broiler hot and well greased. A lukewarm broiler causes the steak to sulk in its own juices and turns it a drab gray instead of a crispy brown. Give the steak a quick rub with suet or fat to prevent broiler grids from sticking to the lean meat.

Place rack so steak will be 3½ to 5 inches from heat. Halfway through the broiling time give the steak a careful sprinkling of salt and pepper. Be sure to broil on each side. When turning it over, spear your fork only in the fatty edge. If you jab it in the steak itself, you'll lose tasty juices.

A one-inch steak is well done in 14 minutes, or 10 minutes for rare broiling. A 1½-inch steak is broiled rare in 18 minutes and well done in 24 minutes. A two-inch steak takes 32 minutes for rare broiling and 40 minutes to be well done.

Ted "The Kid" Williams of the Boston Red Sox Is Considered One of the Greatest Baseball Stars Since Babe Ruth. His Hobbies Are Fishing, Hunting and Eating.

For those special Williams sauteed onions, melt 2 tablespoons of butter or fat in frying pan. Add 2 cups of sliced onions and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of salt, ⅛ teaspoon of pepper and ⅛ teaspoon of paprika. Mix thoroughly. Cover and cook slowly for 30 minutes, stirring frequently.

To serve, place steak on hot platter, add butter and juices from the pan. Then smother the steak with the onions.

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3148—Add a sparkle of elegance to your linens with this combination of embroidery and crochet. Transfer of 6 motifs about 4½ x 12 inches; crochet directions.

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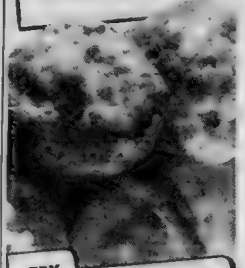
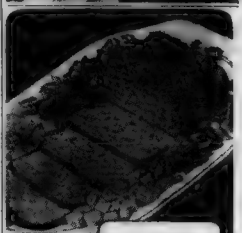
in hot golden
CORN MUFFINS

RECIPE
Give Meals a "Lift" this wholesome, thrifty way!
Simply add egg and milk to wonderful new Dromedary Mix. In your oven in 2 minutes! *And what muffins!* Rich, tender, with a ripe corn taste you'll love. Makes 12 big picture-perfect muffins. *Try pancakes, too—(see pkg.)*



TRY
Dromedary
Corn Muffin Mix



BAKED SPAM*

A superb main dish . . . cloved.. then basted with brown sugar sauce while baking 15 min. at 400°.

HORMEL SPAM

* SPAM IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

A skin all blotchy with blackheads and superficial blemishes is no help in love or business. Take a tip from those who use the Pompeian way to cleaner complexions. Here's all you do:

First, apply hot towel. Then massage your face with Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. See! That clean, pink cream rolls off a dirt-envy. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pores, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads, too. Your face glows with that healthy look that massage and good circulation produces. Try a Pompeian Massage today!

POMPEIAN
Milk Massage Cream

CLEAN HAIR
in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

Freshly-scented MINIPOO Shampoo Powder with handy mitt applicator is so easy to use! No soap! No rinsing! No drying! Removes oil, dirt, unpleasant hair odors! Retains waves! Restores sheen!

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Minipoo's the safe, dry way to shampoo!

Minipoo
THE QUICK *DRY* SHAMPOO
30 Shampoos with Mitt $1.00 plus tax

Personally Yours

By Sally Young

The perfect face is oval in shape, but who's perfect? Those of us who aren't can disguise our feature faults with clever hair arrangements. Take the long, narrow face at right—the center part avoids height, and the hair puffed out at sides gives width to the face.

The broad, round face (at left) needs lengthening, and so anything that will give it height is good. In many instances, an up-do is indicated, with either curls or a top-knot to give you the needed height. You can vary this style by letting the back hair down into a chignon or page-boy.

The narrow chin and broad, high forehead can be made to look oval by covering the forehead with soft bangs, holding the hair closely to the head above the ears and arranging it in soft, loose waves around the narrow chin.

Wide jaw, narrow forehead—try the classic up-do in braids. The part can be either at center or on the side, depending on the structure and size of your nose. Keep the braids fluffy and large above the ears to give you the needed width there.

For wide cheek bones and narrow forehead and chin wear a hair-do that will give you width in the places needed. At right is a youthful suggestion that may solve the problem. Note that the hair is held closely to the head where the face is broadest, through the middle.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Ravish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage

Common sense is on the side of Tampax

Why the belts, pins, external pads—when Tampax provides protection without them?

If you believe that the simple way is the "sensible" way to follow—go right out and get Tampax and use it this very month. For Tampax monthly protection discards belts, pins and all outside bulk. The principle of *internal absorption* was employed by a doctor in originating this simplified method. A patented applicator makes insertion easy. After that, the Tampax is unseen and *unfelt*.... How *free* you feel—free from any extra encumbrance—free from chafing—and from worry that odor might form! No wrinkles or bulges under trim skirts. No necessity to remove in tub or shower. No trouble to change even when dressed. Easily disposed of.... Millions of women use Tampax. Sold at drug, notion counters. *Three absorbencies* (Regular, Super, Junior) for full-time use. Month's supply will slip right into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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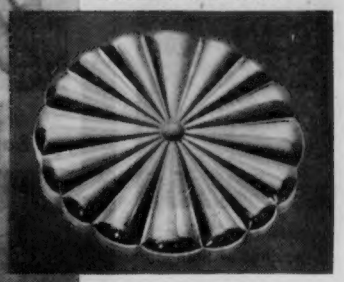

Fashion's going high, wide and handsome. Born to a mood of splendor . . . BABY GRAND . . . fabulous new compact fashion. Bigger than you'd believe possible! It's the only compact for the woman who loves to see her whole face! Another original by Volupté. Gleaming metal, $10. (No Fed. tax).

VOLUPTÉ
reflects the prettiest faces

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only $5.98

It's your gayest, your most romantic, your very loveliest dress! We've spared none of the precious fabric to give you the widest skirt you've ever seen, to swirl and swish like a ballerina's. Ruffles of gleaming, multicolored plaid taffeta ripple all around the skirt and across the bodice and cap sleeves. The peek-a-boo neckline ties with a perky bow. Long, 20" zipper down the back; step into your dress after your hair is done! Elegantly made, with self-covered belt and buckle. Finest rayon faille, in fetching colors:

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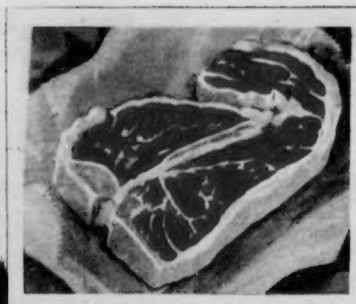
more **IRON** than
3 servings of Spinach



more **VITAMIN G**
than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak

more
PROTEIN
than 3 Eggs

more **VITAMIN D** than
10 ounces of Butter

Read what you get in 2 glasses of **Ovaltine!**

more **CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS**
than 2½ servings of
American Cheese

more **VITAMIN A** than
2 servings of Peas

more **VITAMIN B_1** than 3 servings of Oatmeal

more **VITAMIN C**
than 4 ounces of
Tomato Juice

more
FOOD-ENERGY
than 2 dishes
of Ice Cream

more **NIACIN**
than 6 slices
of Enriched Bread

ALL YOUR Vitamins IN FOOD

HERE'S THE NEWER WAY... FOR BETTER RESULTS!

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals.

You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS . . . Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

MOM!!! I'M WORRIED ABOUT JUNIOR...

HE WANTS A TUNA SANDWICH IN HIS LUNCH EVERY DAY... IS THAT GOOD FOR A GROWING BOY?

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TUNA'S ONE OF THE VERY BEST THINGS HE CAN EAT

It's a healthy sign when youngsters want more and more tuna, either in sandwiches or in scores of other tasty tuna dishes. For tuna (especially these famous **quality** brands) is **rich in protein**, contains vitamins **"A" and "D,"** minerals and other vital food elements needed for growth, energy and good health. It also contains iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goitre. So, serve tuna often **...both hot and cold!**

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THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

decorating with *Venetian Blinds*

By Doris Denison

VENETIAN blinds have always had many functional and decorative possibilities, but recent improvements have made them even more adaptable to home planning schemes.

More and more homes are including at least one wide "picture" window in the plans. A large blind to cover the entire window is costly and cumbersome.

To solve this problem, several blinds can now be bought and hung under one self-valance, with all operating cords drawn to the sides of the window.

Thus, the cost is cut and extreme flexibility of light control is obtained. Each blind may be tilted at a different angle or raised to the correct elevation, depending upon the direction of the sun's rays.

Smart decorative effects are achieved by raising the blinds to different heights and letting them fall in stairsteps across the window, or by raising the two center blinds almost to the top, creating a small framed window space; or by drawing the blinds up around a corner, as shown in the illustration.

Space-Makers

VENETIAN blinds may be used advantageously as partitions in small homes or dual-purpose rooms. For example, the living room-dining room combination may be partitioned by the use of a blind, or a set of blinds, painted the same tone as the walls. One blind may be elevated to provide a doorway, and all raised when the room is to be used as a whole.

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These blinds also provide extra storage space by concealing a makeshift closet or kitchen.

Types of Blinds

TODAY'S blinds are made of steel, aluminum, wood, plastic, or paper.

Enamel finish, baked onto metal, is chip resistant and rust proof, and available in a broad range of colors.

Wood blinds are available at slightly higher cost than metal. Cedar or basswood is used in the finest quality wood slat blinds.

In any wood blind, the paint job is of paramount importance. If every inch of surface is covered with a smooth, hard paint, the blind should serve for more than five years before refinishing is necessary.

Paper blinds, of coated cardboard, are inexpensive, but require frequent replacement.

New Features

A MECHANICAL improvement in blinds recently put to use is a tiltor that adjusts the slats up and down, and also moves the blinds in toward and out from the window, eliminating vertical light streaks at the sides which might cause fading of fabrics or permit view from the outside at night.

Blinds can be held in place by hold-down brackets or side-guide channels into which the slats fit.

Handy, replaceable tapes are now on the market. When old tapes get dirty and worn, new ones may be slipped on over the edges of the slats and old ones snipped off in a matter of moments.

Of great help to the housewife are blinds with slats which can be removed, washed and replaced.

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- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

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You aren't welcome, Mister—
Better start today with
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE

GOOD old Harry may not know it, but he won't be invited to *her* house again . . . not while he goes around looking like something out of a dermatologist's chamber of horrors.

Don't take chances with infectious dandruff. At the first sign of flakes and scales get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as it *should* be treated . . . with *antiseptic* action. It kills germs associated with dandruff by the million, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," which many authorities regard as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. It helps get rid of those flakes and scales . . . alleviates itching. Your scalp and hair feel swell.

In a series of tests 76% of dandruff patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments. And remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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He was a writer who masqueraded as a Jew to *find and tell the truth* about racial prejudice! How he jeopardized his reputation—and made a strange gamble for his girl's love—has made this fine novel an unforgettable experience! Publisher's price, $2.75.

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Here's an intensely dramatic novel of people's inner lives . . . of frustrated parents, aggressive children—and the strange cunning which wastes young people trapped by poverty. A tender novel of loneliness as great as "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Publisher's price, $3.00.

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Beautiful Marie Antoinette was no match for wily Beaumarchais or shrewd Benjamin Franklin — and fell victim to history's most daring plot! Here is the exciting story of how American freedom was won in the glittering courts of 18th Century Paris! Publisher's price, $3.50.

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By Richard Sherman

This splendid new novel will take you back into the fabulous 1930s! It is the exciting story of two ambitious young people in love—a picture of living in which you will discover the people you *know* — both friends and enemies — and, perhaps, also *yourself!* Publisher's price, $2.75.

PRINCE OF FOXES
By Samuel Shellabarger

A grand new historical romance that surpasses even Shellabarger's "Captain from Castile" for excitement and color! It's a rousing tale of the gaudy, chaotic Renaissance — and a man and woman who discovered a love even greater than passion! Publisher's price, $3.00.

GIVE US OUR DREAM
By Arthemise Goertz

This fascinating, beautifully written novel tells the story of how people live and work and love in a small apartment house located near New York City. Here's what sometimes happens to people's ambitions, passions, hopes and secret dreams — and why! Publisher's price, $2.75.

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With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 (plus shipping charge) to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only four during the year — to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

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By joining the Guild now you *will no longer miss reading the NEW books you want* and you will save up to 50% of the retail price. You will receive "Wings" every month to keep you informed of the best new books of all publishers; and you will receive at once, without charge, your choice of "Kingsblood Royal," "Gentleman's Agreement," "Home County" or "The Tin Flute."

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